

**SELECTED POEMS
AND PASSIONS:
1972-2011**



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Selected Poems and Passions: 1972-2011

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To my demons, the woman who introduced us,
and the God who placed me on this path and told me to follow it.

Contents

MONUMENT	1
THE UNICORNS	2
COUPLET/PASSION	3
TREAD SOFTLY	3
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN IMMORTAL	4
TO THE DARK MAIDEN OF SORROWS	5
A LOCKED INSTANT IN THE STREAM OF TIME	6
SATIN SCARS	7
UNBORN YEARS	8
BRAGI BLEEDS	8
A DARK LIQUEUR	9
GIBBOUS	9
MEMORY OF A BLINDMAN’S ILLUSION	10
YESTERDAYS	11
SANCTUARY	11
TREAD SOFTLY	12
MY ELECTRIC LADY	13
PENANCE	14
THE SORROW OF PAST ERRORS	15
LAST NIGHT	15
THE FACETED SPHERE: ONE	16
CHARLOTTE’S SONG	17
VIRGIN’S DAWN	18
THE LINGERING HASTE	19
NEMICORN	19
ALIEN GODS	20
LEPER’S BLOOD	21
HORIZON	22
THE FACETED SPHERE: 27	23
THE AMOMANCER DANCES IN THE SHADOWS	24
THE GOLDENHEART CYCLES	25
CYCLE ONE: INNOCENCE	25
THE FEATHERS OF THE PHOENIX	25
THE SAND CASTLES	25
WIND OF GOLD AND JASMINE	26
IRON BOX	26
THE FLAVOUR OF TIME	26
THE GYPSY MOTH	27
MIRROR WITHIN MY MIND	27
CYCLE TWO: INVOCATION	28
A TASTE OF BRIMSTONE	28
SOFT ARMS	28
HOMELESS HEART	28
EDWARD BARES HIS SOUL	28
THE TASTE OF BLOOD	29
SOFTER THAN SKIN	29
ETERNAL KISS	29
CYCLE THREE: MEMORY’S SHORES	30
VENOM OF TIME	30
GLYCERIN TEARS	30
A WORLD OF CHALLENGES	30

THE GEM OF FIRE	31
GOLDENHEART BY TWILIGHT	31
BRACING FOR RAGNAROK	31
AUTUMNAL	32
CYCLE FOUR: DREAMS OF THE DAMNED	33
NIGHTMARE	33
WET DREAM	33
DREAM OF FALLING	33
THE SECOND NIGHTMARE	33
WAKING DREAM	34
SLEEPWALKER	34
DAYDREAM.....	34
CYCLE FIVE: THE COLD ILLUSIONS.....	35
SECOND CHANCES	35
VIRTUE AND VICE	35
A LITTLE WARMTH.....	35
BARTERING TRUTH	35
GOLDEN HEARTS BY THE POUND	36
REFLECTIONS ON A WIND FORCED BY THE PASSAGE OF TIME	36
LEAP OF FAITH	36
CYCLE SIX: THE DELTA	37
SOFT.....	37
WARM	37
WILLING.....	38
WET	38
GENTLE FEAST	38
CHOSEN VOICES	39
IMPALEMENT	39
CYCLE SEVEN: CONSUMMATION AND BEYOND.....	40
COMMITMENT	40
ANCIENT SKIES	40
NEW LIFE	40
THE PEASANT BLOUSE	40
SECURITY.....	41
THE CENTAUR'S HOME IN A GOLDEN HEART.....	41
BARE FEET ON A WOODEN FLOOR.....	41
AUREATE	42
CITY OF ANGELS.....	43
THE CURVE OF PARALLEL LINES.....	44
FIREFLOWERS	45
SANTA ANA WINDS.....	46
TRANSCENDENCE.....	47
ANGELS SLEEP	48
AUTUMNAL MEMORY	49
CLOSE YOUR EYES.....	49
A TOUCH OF HEATHER	50
GLASS ROSES.....	51
BRISANT REVELATIONS	52
THE PATCHWORK SKIRT OF MY LOVE	53
I RAINED POETRY	54
THE ANCIENT BRAIN	56
TIP FOR TAP	57
RADIANT TIGERS	58
TEMPEST	59

DARE WE CROSS THE RUBICON?	60
HOW WOULD YOU HAVE ME TOUCH YOU?	61
TITAN	62
THE RIDDLE OF IMPATIENCE	63
JASMINE AND PLUMERIA	64
THE TASTE OF REMEMBRANCE	65
THE FROST OF ILL-REMEMBRANCED THINGS	66
VOTIVE	67
THE NOSFERATU'S QUANDARY	68
WILL YOU BE WITH ME TONIGHT?	68
THE TASTE OF A SHY SMILE	69
THE PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS	70
AND I WILL SLEEP ALONE	71
DEEP AND HUNGRY POCKETS	72
THE POISONED PEN	73
FLOWERS FOR YOUR HAIR	74
ECSTASY	75
MY LIFE	76
A SKY, WET WITH TEARS	77
URIAH	78
LAYING DOWN THE TOOLS OF PAIN	79
DAMASCUS, MOVEMENT 7	80
WINE	81
THE PALE OF YOUR BREASTS	82
LOVERS AT THE WELL	82
EYES OF STAINED GLASS AND FIRE	83
THE WIND OUT OF VALHALLA	84
DRAM	85
DAMASCUS, MOVEMENT 3	86
SPARKS, LIKE FROZEN LEMONS	87
FROM OUT OF THE CITY	88
TERMS OF SURRENDER	89
TWICE AS HOT	90
THE COMMON TONGUE	91
UNDEFINED	92
KISSES	93
IN THE ARMS OF THE DRAGON	93
THE PANTHER ON THE BEACH	94
NIGHT OF A THOUSAND COLOURS	95
THE REICH OF SELF-DISCIPLINE	96
THE FACETED SPHERE: 28	97
CASSIOPEIA'S GARDEN: WILDFLOWERS	98
A SUMMONED FIRE	98
PRIDE OF AUTHORSHIP	99
STRANGE...BUT BEAUTIFUL	100
BASE SACRAMENTS	101
WELCOME TO THE FURNACE	102
I STAND FOR YOU	103
SHROUD	104
THIN SKIN	105
TO AN UNKNOWN GODDESS	105
THE WILD AND DEFILED, ALONG THE WAY	106
WAITING FOR THE PENTECOST	107
MORE THAN FLESH	108

THE SATYR’S SUIT.....	109
I DREAMT OF YOU	110
PELLINORE.....	111
PENNY ARCADE	112
BRAGI TO FREYA, ON HIS DEATHBED	113
THE LOVER	115
ATROPOS	117
PEEL BACK THIS SHELL.....	118
THAT I SHALL DIE ALONE	119
PASSIONATE ECHOES	120
KISSES FOR KARMA	121
GENII.....	122
A VILE ATTAR	123
OF FALLEN AND FALLING ANGELS	124
BEHIND THE FAÇADE.....	126
RETURN TO THE GODDESS’ BED	127
CRIMSON SWEAT	127
THE PRIEST OF PASSION SERVES THE SACRAMENT	128
PONDERING THE DARKNESS	129
SISYPHUS AND PROMETHEUS.....	130
FROM THE PARAPET.....	131
LOVE IS AN HOWLING BEAST	132
THE GODDESS WALKS	133
CENTAUR.....	134
IN THE MEMORY OF LOVERS	135
AUBERGINE CONFESSION.....	137
BRIGHT AND DEADLY	138
SLITORIS	140
THE WARM WINE	142
IN THE SPHERE OF VENUS I LEARNED WAR.....	143
RISE.....	144
SLEEP	145
DANCE NAKED IN THE SKY.....	146
SEDUCTION	147
FAERIE: LOVE	148
IN THE STRANGEST CORNERS OF MEMORY	149
FERALITIES.....	150
CUT ME.....	151
I WILL COME FOR TEA	152
KISS ME	153
A PRAYER FOR LIFE AND LOVE.....	154
I FIND	155
FAITH HEALER.....	156
MORE THAN SIMPLE LUST	157
THE DEVILS AND DIVINES	158
IN THE MORNING I WILL BE GONE	159
THUNDER OF LUST.....	160
YIELDING TO TEMPTATION	161
I WILL DRIFT INTO THE LIGHT	162
INTO THE GREY	164
MY PASSION, MY CATHEDRAL.....	165
YOU ARE A CHARITY TO THIS SPHERE.....	166
FIRE INSIDE.....	167
THE PLUCK OF PAN	168

I DARED TO DREAM OF YOU	169
ABDICATION	170
THE FORGE OF APHRODITE	171
PARAMOUR AND NOTHING MORE	172
ADDICTION	173
I DREAMT OF YOU	174
KISS IN EVERY COLOUR	175
UPON ENCOUNTERING WILDFLOWERS	176
I WILL PASS THROUGH THE FIRE	178
HEPHAESTUS TO APHRODITE	179
ALL THINGS TURN BROWN	180
WE OWE DEBT TO MEMORY	181
AUBERGINE, MY PASSION	182
TOUCH NOT THE WALLS	182
LONG-HAIRED STAR	183
GOBLINS IN MY ATTIC	184
WORDS UPON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND	185
VODKA AND CONDOMS	186
SOUBRETTE	187
CHROMATIC METAPHORS	188
AN ILLUSION OF GREY	189
PRETTY PRETTY SOUL	190
CITY OF ANGELS	191
WALSINGHAM IN PADUA	192
CARTOUCHE	193
THIRTY-TWO FEET PER SECOND PER SECOND	194
SACRED SMILE	195
JOINING THE MACHINE	196
BRAGI, AWAKENING IN HIS TOMB	197
BOHEMIA	198
COURTESAN	199
THE FIFTH SONG OF THE AMOMANCER	200
THE NEREID, THETIS	201
FINAL SUNDAY	202
SOFT AS DAWN	203
EVANGELIST	204
CHRYSLIS	205
LOVE GODS OF A FORGOTTEN RELIGION	206
SIGYN FOR MY SINS	207
PADPARADSCHA	208
FLOURISH	211
PHOENIX AND GOLEM	212
EPITAPH	213
HETAERON	214
ABOUT THE AUTHOR	217
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	217

Monument

I crave a cup. a bowl. a mug of your heart's steel.
unsheathed before by mortal or god for rage or lust
of things both unneeded and forever unreal...
it is the quintessence...and the dust.

dreams do not stand before you and call the blade.
dreams do not walk or breathe or love you as I do.
and can. and will, if given just a moment's shade
from the moon of pain and the stars that lie.

my words shall be eternal. syntax monuments of you.
beneath the tread of centuries, stone shall fall.
paint peel. music rise to ears long deaf. but now...
and from this night on...you are immortal.

The Unicorns

Please come awhile, remain and play.
The unicorns won't come today.
The faeries and their virtued kin
shall stay away, to paint my sin.
with ancient red and angry fire.

Please come to me and linger, please.
I do not mock, I dare not tease.
Just bring with you an honest smile
and share with me, for all the while,
a love of life and true desire.

The unicorns no longer guard
the meadow just beyond my yard.
They snort with shame and true disdain
upon a hope of ages' pain
and brand me, by their pride, a liar.

couplet/passion

if my passion is my poison, then better still to die
as the victim of the vineyard than the champion of a lie.

tread softly

tread softly on the carpets of my soul.
before no other have they been laid, so open,
and were they to be abused...surely I would die.
weave carefully your dreams to make me whole.
fashion them discreetly, do not parade
my love for you like some new toy...before every eye.
carve my flesh with blades of trust.
fear not my death, for I am made strong
by the love I sense in you...a love I know we share.
bury me not beneath time's dust,
for memory lies and I will live long
and at peace within the world...as only lovers may dare.

I should have been immortal

lying in fields of orchids, I dream of roses.
there is not...there will not be...
there can not be enough time to taste
all the wines. I should have been immortal.

the wind blows warm when I crave the ice.
the pie is cut. but I want no slice
of it...yet the cake I need
has been served all around.

I have sailed the sun and touched the moon and
fallen to earth in death's calling...but where
are the ancients...I must know. I will go to see
their tombs...for I am too late
(or they passed too soon).
their's will be my destiny, too...to dream
of fires that shall not burn in my earthtime...
to carve my name on a sapling and not live to see
the process spread my words to gargantuan proportions...

yet, security beckons. there is
a sort of pleasure in knowing that
death waits around a farther hill, and that
you will be blessed by its frostbound visitation.

but I should have been. I could have been. I would
have been immortal. there just isn't enough
time for the roses.

to the dark maiden of sorrows

you are dark,
an ebon ribbon
that has twined about my soul.
you are black,
a burning chest wound
playing passion in control
of memory,
both remembered
and dreamt in troubling sleep
where the dreams are moist, electric,
and in shadows brittly creep.

you are light,
yet undiscovered
in your incandescent prayers.
you are flame
that licks the tapers
casting light in devils' lairs.

you are blood
and resolution
and questions I won't ask
out of fear
that the answers
might prove a poisoned cask
of the wine
of your passions
barely seen in sacred night
but I must
if I wish to
be the one who burns your light

you are light,
yet undiscovered
in your incandescent prayers.
you are flame
that licks the tapers
casting light in devils' lairs.

a locked instant in the stream of time

and when at last passes this iota of remorse
for illusions held in fond remembrance,
do not judge too harshly the flow and course
of a sickly heart. do not acknowledge a chance
to taste the amber fruit that dangles so
unappetizingly before you, for the fire burns
deep valleys in the flesh and soul to show
to all the folly of a fool's desire as turns
a thought unspoken to the sun. cold shades
and blind parades of time we'll never share
within a lost moment. silence serenades
us for a moment. then I avert my eyes.

Satin Scars

like satin scars on scaly skin,
my words exceed me.
memory fails and I am transient...
but my soul can see beyond
the farthest thunder of the
birth of time. the dance proceeds
at such a speed I cannot end the crime.
for all my cunning and fire,
I am a frail mortal. I bend
in the wind and cry in the dark
and withdraw, a bloodied friend betrayed
by self and shame, the game contorts
and fades. it laughs a Manson laugh...
in the face of the decades.
the decades that rob me,
that raped you and stole my god.
the dance I once began...I cannot begin
to prod my mind for the simplest steps..
memory fails and I am a cipher.
a riddle that no one laughs at,
a purpose none would die for.
but even in the grayest light I find
the answer. the time was not for me...
I stole it out of love and fear,
a crime so hideous...but so human.
there is much to forget and forgive,
to deny that is to lie.
and yet, for all our sins, we live.

Unborn Years

and the silent, sentient shadow of silence shall fall
over a sad seeming dream, woven of gossamer and cold tears
shed in precognitive memory of times that never shall
belong to me. times that suffered in the greyness of unborn years.

Bragi bleeds

the serpent and the succubus
are baring polished fang for you.
I caught the faintest glimmer
of greylight off their
ruby-blue metal surfaces.
I heard the sheaths' whispering
to me again last night
as I dreamed memory.

slow cuts the quickslitter
that drives home venom angry
and opaque. take this phial
and drink warm wine tonight
when they come for you, as I do.
no less breathes a riddle than I.
no more to dream
the clocks' mockery.

a dark liqueur

and through cool and cruel vermilion lips
the web is woven. the huntress sips
a dark liqueur. paradise and paradox,
the shadow forms only with light and walks
away, dissolving in the dark. to taste
the softness with a hunger not in haste
but in reverence and focused passion held
and commanded by a mind set against a legion swelled.

gibbous

the shameless moon, illuminating all
the sins I imagined with you.
scheming, dreaming of the frail silk
made window to the touch of my eyes
as you crossed the room into my arms.
into my soul.
into my night.
and I thanked the moon
for the pale blue curve of your breasts.

memory of a blindman's illusion

the reds and golds had melted down to flow across the grays...
you asked me for an answer to the riddle I'd once told.
the blues and fecund violets were counting all the days...
the puzzle pondered Plato, though he knew the trail was cold.

the cigarette was bitter, but the taste was all the same.
I asked a dark reflection if he knew me by my name.
the glass I drained, it lay there...just feeding on the dregs.
the goblet's handle felt to be the image of your legs.

a thousand shades of ebony descended with a laugh...
the bloodstains on my forehead now asked for a cup of tea.
the silvers and the cobalts now killed the sacred calf.
the auctioneer recanted and my soul was sold for free.

every woman dressed in red had slept with me before.
and every woman dressed in black lay dying on the floor.
the reptile lady danced for you...she climaxed with a yawn.
we drank the lies and told the wine until the early dawn.

yesterdays

learn to live with your regrets.
swallow your pride and carry inside
all the crosses you have made.
cry, just once, for all the yesterdays.
steel against the fears of the mockery of the tears
and be thankful for having seen the passed parade.

sanctuary

in darkness...
an all-pervasive silence to the eyes,
dotted only by distant gleaming jewels
of hydrogen infernos...
their sanctuary so far
that I could not walk to them
in a million sleepless lifetimes.
so alone...
looking forward to see no cities
or nations or worlds bearing life,
or even an honest promise of it.
I strain with metal ears
to catch the faintest whisper
that never comes...just silence.
to heavens
I reach with open heart
and a prayer of a hope of a dream
of a chance that there is someone there...
someone who hears me...
and is willing to share a dream...
a dream of a destiny beyond Thulcandra.

tread softly

tread softly on the carpets of my soul.
before no other have they been laid, so open,
and were they to be abused...surely I would die.
weave carefully your dreams to make me whole.
fashion them discreetly, do not parade
my love for you like some new toy...before every eye.
carve my flesh with blades of trust.
fear not my death, for I am made strong
by the love I sense in you...a love I know we share.
bury me not beneath time's dust,
for memory lies and I will live long
and at peace within the world...as only lovers may dare.

my electric lady

dance for me, my electric lady.
sing a song that gently soothes my soul.
tomorrow I must leave your world again, my love...
as I strive to reach this endless journey's goal.

I once gave up my poor and mortal birthright,
so that I might touch the sky and see true things.
my love, I'm not so sure I would have started,
if I could have seen the pain this voyage brings.

once again, my electric lady,
touch me and bring forth my too-rare smile.
for the moment I am just another mortal-
and a little love will last me quite a while.

if we had only met before the present,
and what is gone had made me what I am,
a love would be that all who live might envy-
but I cannot come back this way again.

for the final time, my electric lady...
give me all that I may take within my vow.
tomorrow is my child and a gift to the stars-
and the night is just my brother here and now.

penance

against the odds
against the gods forced on us
by friend or foe, we fight.
beyond mere will,
where weapons kill more than
just flesh, slaying truth and light.

we have been cast, as tumbling dice,
amidst the mortals who repel us...
who would sell us for a smile
from cold idols carved of ice.
we have fallen. and have risen.
and taken penance given, every mile.

the sorrow of past errors

I take my chances and taste the fruits
to see if they are bitter or sweet.
And though they prove bitter
for this am I wiser than those who never did eat.

But how I envy the gifted ones
who can tell with a single glance
if the fruit is poison or richer than honey
and never need take my chance.

last night

you cannot go back.
last night is now dead.
and all that remains
are the stains on the bed.

do not seek excuses.
we all find regret.
it is part of our being,
like blood, spit and sweat.

and just as fluidic.
transient and moist.
evaporated pleasures
we deny were our choice.

though often I regret things,
curses cast at time
may wash away the bloodstains,
but never change the crime.

the faceted sphere: one

the comfort of your kiss. so innocent
that unicorns could watch without grief.
so tempting that, for a moment, a brief
aroma of brimstone flirted with my senses.
there is mystery here, mystery and madness
that begs me to hide from the call of questions
best left unanswered and unasked...veiled confessions
that carry within themselves passion and sadness.
an ending without a beginning...an embrace shared
by lovers in an alternate reality passes by.
and beyond.
the riddle smiles at us and we smile coyly at bonds
that cannot hold us in this sphere...
dreams and nightmares undared.

Charlotte's song

you never need answer the past...
the questions it may ask are meaningless
when the next sun rises and the yesterdays
fall beneath the tread of the tomorrows.
don't sell your soul for riddles...
for answers are what you need--far more
than a puzzled pause of confusion or
the look of silent embarrassment's sorrows.
our destinies once lay on different paths...
but roads have a strange and wonderful way of
merging just beyond the next hill--and now we
glide through life, together, on a single trail.
nothing in this life is truly free...
but you'll find my love freely given
to you in great modesty. it is all I have
to offer. yet, beside it, the sun shall pale.

Virgin's dawn

touch a bitter tear
and run, laughing.
the innocence you prayed to is long gone.
saline reign of fear.
a dream undying.
the wind betrays the come of virgin's dawn.

run a race with fate.
the clocks are melting.
memory is the curse of those who care.
there are those who wait,
their spirits moulding.
our dreams are borne in riddles on the air.

taste the razor snow.
the fire. the beauty.
the dawn is yours, it must be by your choice.
watch our flesh flow.
feel passions' duty.
your touch and taste shall serve as spirits' voice.

touch a bitter tear
and run, laughing.
the innocence you prayed to is long gone.
saline reign of fear.
a dream undying.
the wind betrays the come of virgin's dawn.

the lingering haste

the warmth. the taste.
the lingering haste that lovers display.
so softly.
so simple. so sweet.
never knowing defeat, you drift away.
so lofty.
gentle and complete.

Nemicorn

...and in my willful innocence I slit the fragile throat
of the Dreamhart, the nemicorn that bore me to my Rubicon.
Its blood, a shaft of crystal whispers, gave amotation
to the feelings I feared, and slew, out of time now gone.

the sniggering empaths capered no more, but lay in pain
among the orchids...crippled by the nemicorn's gentle
acceptance of my treachery and butchery. that placid brain
caring not for a vengeance of the visceral.

Dreamhart knew that time would slay me, time and regret
that would be mine when my all-too mortal form failed
in the icy waters, when I found my strength was set
against powers beyond me. when passion paled.

...and in my willful innocence I slit the fragile throat
of the Dreamhart, the nemicorn that bore me to my Rubicon.
Its blood, a shaft of crystal whispers, gave amotation
to the feelings I feared, and slew, out of time now gone.

alien gods

we pray to them. they prey on us.
they slither back into shadows
at our approach, the better to seize us
unaware to be scrutinized at their leisure.
we give them great pleasure...
we of soft flesh and chewy tendons,
our bones crackling so satisfyingly.
we tempt them. they feed on us.
and we never see them come or go.
we just know that they are out there. waiting.

leper's blood

crimson flows my molten heart with
sorrowed passion.
red, red eyes sealed with wax and amber.
sarcophagus. blind from lust,
for its purpose I live, my mission
and emission programmed for all time.
crush my mind, my soul, my power for the want of release.
evade me, my dreams, that I may wallow in pride
of fleshy memories and members. no peace
for piece, by piece I am undone, cattle ride
their master into the night for an ounce
of satisfaction I cannot have. leper's blood
is all I have to offer as the hot cats pounce
to feast on dry bones of a withered god.
hiding in the light, brittly split and broken,
a token dreamer in a forest of infinity.
iron is my maker, velvet my foil, unspoken
words my epitaph. blood is spilt for sanity.

horizon

there was a season
when I was stronger.
when days lasted longer and wind filled my sails.
there was a reason
for love's trial and error.
ghosts in the mirror were yesterdays' tales.
the winds now are memory.
hope and illusion.
pain and confusion inherit my gold.
but I, I shall live on
the crusts stained with jelly,
filling my belly with morsels and mould.
there is yet a season,
with dragons returning,
the fires yet burning shall lift to the skies.
there must be a reason
to seek the horizons.
to sail for the islands with unclouded eyes.

my sails are of iron. the sun is my shepherd.
and I am the leopard.
the lion. the beast.
alone at the tiller. I seek no more portage.
the winds of an old rage
shall yet drive me east.

the faceted sphere: 27

to touch, for just a fleeting instant, the quintessence
and the antithesis of all I'll ever, never know
but for the laughter of the fate of feeling triumph
in the pain of saline rain bought with riddles and denials.
presence is the mockery. and cruelty is not bought
for a price more precious than sanity,
the vanity of love and lust, again.

The Amomancer Dances in the Shadows

Can you walk for me softly, like a dream that sheds the night,
to transform the cradled questions in a subtle, steady light?
What colours colding passion, when the palette has gone dry?
What shades our surest evidence, when the premise is a lie?

Who are we to wait in wonder, when the wanderlust returns?
What spell are we fallen under, that lays ashes to our burns?
Can you walk for me softly, like a dream that sheds the night,
to transform the cradled questions in a subtle, steady light?

Can you drink to my memory, when the tantalus runs dry,
leaving dust and rust and lousy crust, our black thirsts to deny?
What use is there for hunger, when the baker's bowl is crushed?
What purpose grows from sacrifice, with the martyr's credo hushed?

When shall we make harvest, when dead husks are all that's sown?
What shall we dare inherit, when our values we disown?
Can you drink to my memory, when the tantalus runs dry,
leaving dust and rust and lousy crust, our black thirsts to deny?

Can you show to me the difference between the streetlights and the sun,
when the darkness in which we bled is shed and the future is begun?
Have you ever dared to drink the dregs of the wine of your own lies?
Have you measured the width of your life's path with only half-open eyes?

Will you teach to me the difference between strong evil and weak fear?
Do you know the test that tells the tale and the tableau of a tear?
Can you show to me the difference between the streetlights and the sun,
when the darkness in which we bled is shed and the future is begun?

The Goldenheart Cycles

Cycle One: Innocence

the feathers of the phoenix

Red. shimmering crimson in the wind.
memories approaching, saints who sinned
in the name of innocence. penance blessed
by a baptism of words. held to a vest
of feathers. bladed shafts of a rare bird,
unique in essence. a fresh flight stirred.

the sand castles

Built by children. sturdy symbols of youth
until the tides of time and tapestry
of maturing emotions and volatile hungers
lay waste the sticky sands. truth
now overturned by the travesty
of evidence and the coming crash of breakers.

wind of gold and jasmine

Standing impassive at the edge of time.
candies for karma. cutting cold for crime
I never intended. my sins invoked.
listening to fools quote words I once spoke.

and there, again. the wind begins, again.
the wind of gold and jasmine, blowing when
it chooses. it loses nothing to time...
it lays the carpets for rhythm and rhyme.

and you are in it. the jasmine carries
the scent of your skin, warm and fresh, buries
senses in an avalanche of desire.
the mist of gold, your image, wakes my fire.

paralyzed by the strong emotions you
create in me. I hate in me this new
arousal. the giant slept for so long
that nothing shall come of his lover's song.

iron box

Victoria kept her secrets.
but you showed them to me, uncovered,
in the name of a Gordian slipknot,
begging for this Alexander's Sword.

Lock away your obsessions
in the vault of dreams, an iron box
hidden under your bed with the poems
you never shared, under shadowed locks.

Do not answer the knock of age,
when calls your summoned prince, his fate
in your arms obscured by cold fear
not warm desire. held at the gate.

the flavour of time

Deep draught drinks from the well of experience
have given me new perspectives on life and love and veiled
promises made in the name of lust and redemption.
the flavour of time can taint the desires that paled
in the deserts of loveless meanderings, the sense
of hunger revealed to the lost souls, thirsts unveiled
in the heart of the lover denied. prideful invention
covering for a hollow heart. bridges unbuilt. oceans unsailed.

the gypsy moth

A homeless heart, at night,
drawn to the flame eternal.
drawn to the lust infernal.
drawn to a dream nocturnal.
drawn to a need internal.
a beauty, bared in flight.

mirror within my mind

I see, within my mind, a mirror cold
and elegant. an infinitely reflective
surface, it's purpose to keep me sane
in the tempests of my soul and bold
emotions. to aid me in perspective
to this world, to show me the stain
of my sins and the shadow of hope.
imagine my surprise in staring in long
supplication of truth, praying for grace
and a heart of gold. the savage slope
of Sisyphus before me, but my will strong
and resolute. and to see your lovely face.

Cycle Two: Invocation

a taste of brimstone

I imagine your kiss. a simple taste of brimstone
on an angel's wing. it brings me to the edge of evil
intent. unspent thirst for your vitality will hone
my poet's tooth to a nosferatu's edge, but I will
not use it until the night when you are reconciled
that this sulphur is the air that you would breathe
for the rest of your life. I have never once defiled
the innocent and will not set your heart to grieve.

soft arms

Held out to me in a welcoming
warmth. an invitation to dare
challenge the world in a thundering
wave of light. and if I care
to slip soft bandage to set
my place in that embrace, then I
must trust that this holy bet
must be secured, until I die.

homeless heart

in the end, all hearts are homeless. cut away
from the pack by our own follies, loving perhaps
the wrong people or for the wrong reasons or
even to an inappropriate depth, considering our
need to parity. our need for completeness that caps
our very existence like twilight ends the day.

Edward bares his soul

he stares at me with button eyes and expressionless
shock and incredulity. he guarded well the gates
of youth, sprung at the touch of the heart's thief, gold
taken in the name of love. sad and passionless,
he sits on the weathered shelf, his presence states
his disapproval. an act observed, a tale untold.

The taste of blood

feral hunger. shared. dared. we cared to try
the wire over the fire that consumes so many,
a penny's worth of grace. that's all it takes.
and as the fakir plays his mesmeric tune, the snakes
consider our predicament and our pride. anyone
could have told us what we faced. but not why.

softer than skin

your heart in my hands. golden bands can not replace
the bondage of the soul. take the dream you carry, marry
it to your reason. in a season of dreams you will trace
the last of my supplications. leave now, or tarry
at your own risk. I will not usurp your will, base
iron over gold is not my way. be ready to run, be wary.

eternal kiss

the other night (in a distant reality
shared only in our minds and thus concealed)
our lips met. wet and warm. passionately
and shyly. and the truth was revealed.

Cycle Three: Memory's Shores

venom of time

knowing what we know, our hearts must now contend
with the venom of time. a cunning toxin that bends
your heart and mind in poisoned suffering, as lies
you tell yourself to resist the truth that denies
us the dignity of separation,
propels us towards bitter desolation.

glycerin tears

the light reflects off glycerin tears in a different way,
showing them false saline and proving the perfidy
of the false suitor's claims of passion and ardor.

test the steel. dare a kiss from the idols of the day,
where the light may cut and the fire may stir memory
of a dream you once had of what waits beyond the door.

that door. the one you erected to reinforce what you say
in the face of my suit to be the elect of your heart's giddy
empire. a fair hearing is all I want. nothing less, nothing more.

a world of challenges

this is not a place for cowards. the wounded bleed
but still need to march on, defending their peace
with a passion palpable and capable of playing seed
to the prayers of the coming generations. release
the dogs of hope and follow them, on foot if you must,
through the dark fens of our despairs and trace
their baying cries in the darkest shadows, though the dust
of the grave near blinds you. I'll share with you this race.

the gem of fire

more precious than a stone of the first water,
one where every seam and fracture
goes to give the gem greater brilliance.
catching the light, even in the dark dance
of denial and sorrow long swept
from the porches of your tears.
tears wept in memories that have crept
into your world. beauty only pain makes clear.

goldenheart by twilight

she stands, at the window. watching the velvet night
descend over fields of crisp snow, smoothing the fields
of trampled grass and broken glass that steal the light
until they serve as canvas to the frost of time. it yields
a peace within her, burning and strangely serene. she knows
the trail that lies before her, but the goldenheart must laugh
in strange irony. for she has ridden the savage blows
of time and sorrow to face her paramour. on a cryptic path.

bracing for Ragnarok

here. here, I say. we make our stand on these rocks.
no time to seek the higher ground. the sound of doom
now echoes in the halls of man and god together.
draw whatever tool of war you favor and wait with me.

the curse is sprung. I am undone and, like Thor mocks
the midgaard serpent to strike again, I must soon
challenge the edge of my legend and strain the tether
on the traces of my hawksfoot. please, wait with me.

for only I must face this wind, and I shall shield you
from the tempest which blows like an arrogant poet,
loud and epic, but only impactive if you linger. listen.
accept the glistening words as those of the soul's priest.

here, in this place a thousand lives from where new
dreams are formed, we have warmed our hearts and show it
in our eyes. I will remain, and the pain will fade again.
to be reborn when next I hear your voice. regret released.

autumnal

it is not yet winter, and yet you fear the cold.
the leaves are bright and brazen, highlights of bold
and newborn dreams of coming rebirth. flecks of red
and gold and brown and raging purple in the bed
of the forest giants. I am not there, my heart
is not that of a fading dream, but of a raging upstart
minotaur. stubborn and proud and full of fire and life.
I am not death, but a quickening proved on the season's knife.

Cycle Four: Dreams of the Damned

nightmare

alone. trapped by circumstance
outside the dance. the lover's knot
denied, my heart of gold, cold chance
betraying me. melting in the hot
embrace of runaway heart and pain.
a rain of saline. illusions of control
shown impotent. and against the grain
is to use the power of the poet's soul.

wet dream

I dreamed of you, last night.
images primitive and passionate.
flooding my sense with your essence, bright
and plutonic. gentle emotion cast to fate
as I took my fill of my desires, awakened
by a gentle voice and a sensuous fantasy
you shared with me once, when beckoned
to the edge of temptation by your beauty.

dream of falling

slow motion. I'm used to seeing this from the other side,
picking up the pieces of a shattered life and, with tube
of cyanoacrylate in hand, building a semblance of a friend.
maybe not what he or she was, but certainly enough to pride
myself on my jigsaw skills. but the ground now exudes
a certain Newtonian charm and it is my sudden end
I am about to witness. all for the want of never saying
what was in my heart. love unexpressed in anvil wings.

the second nightmare

it will not work, she says to me.
my response is to ask if being free
is all she needs, or if there is something
I can offer to reconcile my aching
soul to her fears. and her eyes moisten
as she speaks in inarticulate poison
given to her by a thousand past lies
told by false lovers. and all hope dies.

waking dream

I answered the phone and there you were.
reality reflected in a laugh, a sweet voice
evoking ten thousand prayers I dare not share
with God, for they are dark and full of lust.
and we talked to a while, as I sat in turn
both happy and sad. images flooding as noise
to the exchange. soft lover's kiss. your hair
against me as you slumber in my arms, in trust
that I am there out of love and true affection.
and I drift on these shadows in our conversation.

sleepwalker

tonight you will see me in your dreams.
I know you have seen me there before, you
have admitted as much. but tonight, it seems,
the fantasy will not be just a memory through
an illusion, but real in my heart. for I will
walk the winds of your soul to be there, alone,
to talk with you, or hold you, or share a real
moment before the sun dispels my desire's clone.

daydream

a simple house. a yard of green and gold and white
fencing, keeping our children, in their play, safe. you
are there, your hair rippling like wildflowers in the breeze
of a virgin continent. the one we made our own, bright
and beautiful. the smell of coming rain, the placid blue
of a sky that frames you like a rainbow in the trees.

Cycle Five: The Cold Illusions

second chances

It wasn't a mistake at the time. or at least
it didn't seem to be. and now, shackled by past actions,
I find myself forfeit to the darkness, the feast
of hope will pass me by, to die in loveless misdirections.

virtue and vice

we roll the cosmic dice.
hoping for some understanding.
reasoning virtue and vice.
requests revert to dark demanding.

passion pales before our prayers.
dreams of love and fears of falling
into emotion that cuts and burns and tears
wounds into our hearts. tenderness left wanting.

a little warmth

playing it safe leads to the darkest of disasters.
conservative actions out of cowardice are predestined
to come back against you and mock the masters
of your heart and mind and soul and flesh. the wind
is not always merciful, but love is always a risk,
a gamble. those who never learn the odds lose all.
a little warmth is meaningless in December's brisk
and unforgiving wind. mine is not a tepid call.

bartering truth

what is, is meaningless. give the word and I will turn
an infinite number of realities on their ears and make
a kingdom of your heart. no sport of me, make you, burn
instead the fuel you have stored in sadness and rage, take
you passions and unleash them. seize your destiny and learn
the language of love from one for whom your flesh aches.

golden hearts by the pound

pyrite filings, pounded into tri-ventricled icons.
not to be confounded, I expounded on the virtues
of a goldenheart. an ancient dream of mine, a song
of my youth. and yes, I have kept searching, bruise
by bruise, cut by cut, scar for scar, I wear my prayer
as well as I can. the centaur dances, then romances
not out of pattern, but out of recognition. truthsayer,
soothsayer and love's labor not lost on false chances.

reflections on a wind forced by the passage of time

were I a younger man, my span nearer your own, perhaps
you would accept my suit at a moment's consideration.
but this is a different sphere, and here, your heart's clasp
is locked against these fingers, a restless vindication
is meaningless if not seen relevant to the case at hand
and I run risk of being judge unfit by prejudgment.
what words will wash away each sandblown band
of measured, pleased time made before the present?

leap of faith

love without risk is not love. it is safety.
it is security. an allegory
sold in Hollywood to prevent a happy
ending anywhere except on the TV.

Cycle Six: The Delta

soft

a kiss. the core of eroticism. an entrapping
web, woven of soft, sensuous lips. barely brushing
to send a message of Promethean fire coruscating
through your writhing soul. face cupped in hands
reverent and strong. longing. all the thronging
emotions and unspent currencies of devotions
made to gods in the name of your flesh. to kiss.
to touch your soul in the guise of a martyred love.
rapture in a ravenwing dream. the scent of your
skin, the rustling of your breath on my face.
a growing zephyr of soft, pulsing warmth.

warm

you make your stand,
your hand steadying
your form against
the warm electric surges
that render you a
marionette
on my tongue.
dancing in pleasure,
embracing a treasure
of newfound ecstasy.

the creeping flush
like a gambler's hand
played in a warm pool
of a ready partner,
aces and nines,
impaled on the tines
of a soulmetal fork.
talking the talk.
walking the walk.
riding the ride
of a warm and sweet slide.

willing

if I were born a woman, I would still lust for you.
I would seek to steal your will and then bid you ignore
the attentions of the young men, instead taking
you into my bed, to pleasure you a thousand new
and erotic ways. your taste on my tongue. the roar
of blood in your veins made deafening in waking
to the touch of my flesh. silks of green and blue,
sliding sensuously across your soft breasts, more
sinfully sweet than any man's lies. our thirsts slaking.

wet

I read you my poetry and you sat, unmoving.
unfeeling. seemingly untouched by the words I spun
in gossamer entreaty to your heart and mind and sex.
but I saw, in your eyes, that between your thighs, I bring
out the moisture of your aching flesh. and for one
infinite instant, I saw the walls collapse in reflex
passion. you did not speak. you did not need to.
I saw. and I knelt before you and gently kissed
your delicate hands. feeling the tension flowing
like the wetness you crossed your legs to dam, true
to your resistance. I bent and softly, suddenly, placed
my lips at the very hem of your dress and in a knowing
kiss, lit a fire that spread like the red blossom
that traced its way across your warm flesh and awoke
the tigers in your souls. hungry and playful.
I did not stop there. I boldly traced your bosom
with a hundred kisses as you fought the fire, but never spoke
a single word to stop what happened next. sweet and sinful.

gentle feast

softer than any mere marinated dish
served by any chef. your sweet, warm flesh
tastes like life itself, held on a shelf
called fear nearly too long. I claim
this for my last repast, one that will last
all the days of my life. if you will it.

chosen voices

you close your eyes and hear gentle entreaties,
urging on your hands, damp with your heart's dew.
illusory lovers, fed by your stored passions, sweetly
they pleasure you. and I would like if I were one, too.

impalement

like taking saddle on a new mount
you do not know what to expect, fully.
experience is an illusion as you count
a thousand reasons not to do this, reality
is setting in and it looks like it may be more
than you bargained for, more than you are ready for.

but the desire to try this mount is real.
and you can feel the need to bleed your soul
for this transfusion of desire. you steal
a final look and guide your flesh to seize control
of my pleasure, of my measure.

Cycle Seven: Consummation and Beyond

commitment

I will not take, in any sense,
you or your love, if not convinced
that the barter, for you, represents
an honest advantage. promised
and kept by a man who wishes
to give you more than a rogue's kisses.

ancient skies

I wonder if, ten thousand years ago, a man
much like me, looked with pride on his bride,
as I do you this day. I am swept away by an
inarticulate joy. barely able to answer when called,
barely able to recall anything but the sense of joy
I felt when you assented first to this simple ceremony.

new life

between us. a new bond.
a life is spawned
in eloquent announcement
of our shared passion.
we will fashion
a new tapestry in the time spent
giving our love in a thousand ways.
giving our love in a thousand ways.

the peasant blouse

we hid, in the bus stop, until the rain stopped.
but by then, watching the way that wet peasant blouse
clung to you, I was in no hurry to leave and you,
having seen my regarding stare, were busy in my arms,
sharing your warmth with me, as I shared my opinion
of your beauty in small sighs. and gentle kisses.

security

I offered my heart, my life, my home, my name.
and these I will never take away.
I give you my dreams, my prayers, my hopes, my strength.
and this is enough, I pray.

the centaur's home in a golden heart

I found you. and, by your will, I will keep you
deep and soulbound, within my reality.
I owe you my trust, my faith, my love and you
owe me nothing in return. it is freely
given. for I would make my home in the true
goldenheart, which I have found. happy
am I to have found you. and there are few
who find such treasure or pleasure as we
can if you would but trust this love, new
it is to your understanding, but beauty
is its core and for such peace we both are due.

bare feet on a wooden floor

I ate a daisy today. (to settle a bet between my child
and my wife if I could or would.) Daddy is not so ancient
that he has forgotten the value of play in the lurking wild
of a newly discovered world. Mommy has been patient,
but loves and lives for and with this world, and late
at night, while our children sleep, goes on a date
with me in the kitchen, dancing strange emotions stored
in cookie jar hearts that never break. bare feet on a wooden floor.

Aureate

I will not find what I am looking for
here among the shadowdancers and sunbathers.
hearts aureate swim to the horizons, or climb cliffs
to seek their destinies in moments frozen as they arc their
breathless forms out and away
from the rocks of despair, to slice the air
in a dart that acknowledges life is best
tasted at terminal velocity,
striking the glass sea that mirrors not for long
the double speed descent
as hopeful and hopeless romantics dare to live and love
and share and dream and fly and fall and rise and bend and rule
a domain of the senses. seven,

at my last count. mounting the
sandstone pedestals
left by the spittle of God against the eroding sanctuaries
of our immutable malleability.
and when we break the surface tension of our own pretensions,
we ride the shockwaves like perilous nightmares
to the foothills of the precipice,
practicing the perfecting pain that shall stain our legacies,
whether we hide from it or not, caught on ourselves to coin
effigies in words that make mockery of the currency of our barter.

seven sins forgiven. the eighth
breaking the seal of blissful arrogance.
and the water slips past your form
as your momentum conquers the
buoyancy of swimmers in the sea of life
and the force of your entry takes you deep.
past where the children sleep. into the depths
where the sun of forced gaiety does not penetrate.
towards the oblivion of knowledge.

the tree of life is a seaweed now, a fruit that floats on limbs
thin with the wear of age and memory.
and with every dive, a little closer to fingers split and bloody
with the violence of the splitting of the aqueous walls
seen only as a looking glass by those for whom life is
too deep to fathom, too dark to see, too cold to warm, too true to trust.

city of angels

lost soul.
a city of lights of stimulated
noble gases. it passes
for a faux firmament.
I haven't seen an angel
here.
and probably,
never will.

but I have seen
poor, proud people,
their flannel work shirts
needing repair and a wash,
shuffling through the
immigrant neighborhoods.
the pretty girl, pretty no more,
selling her star power
in condom come-ons
on the street corner.
and I have seen a peaceful
ocean, kissing the sands
of time, worn like
strands of beige pearls
on the neck of a lady too
proud to admit the paste
will wash away in the rain.

love is bought here. sold
in carrying cases with
rouge and eyeliner. t-shirts
filled with silicone brush
the vanity from the wind
as rollerblades run down
bag ladies who never
gave that producer the
blowjob he asked for.
war zone. everyone
sells something. fortunately,
I am wise enough, and studied
well enough in the wars of the
sphere of Venus, I know I have
nothing of any real value.
which makes me the richest man
in the city of angels. until
I give out, give up, give in
to the inevitable.

the curve of parallel lines

complacency breeds the lowest of lives,
edges dulled until they reflect only the memory of sharpness,
the arch recollections of past positions and penetrations.
souls sold into an elegant enslavement as we circumvent
the radii of our oblong hearts.
start from the top and trace me a pattern, born cold,
worn old in the furrows of brows knit with thrice told yarns,
kisses that dangle at the angle between melody and harmony,
the tunes told in triumph and transcendence and tempests
that washed us to the quick then sent us on our way to play
a game of mumble the peg, a tune of soundless atonality.
kodo drums driving us out into the night. light passing
for heat, heat passing for fire, fire passing for passion.
and all through the night we keep watch on the clock springs
as they wind. inexorably. down to the last frail turns.

fireflowers

I could learn to live among the fire flowers,
at least for a season at a time. Crime of passion,
sins of commission, omission and emission burning
their molten silver trails across tongues hungry
for a taste of the dark communion of lovers
and friends, blending desire with the will of children
breaking their covenants at will in random
captures of elusive emotions and experiences shared,
dared and bared within small corridors to be kept sealed
by the hearts that dare walk them against the tapestries
we would burn rather than show to the face of the crowds.

Santa Ana winds

Like a wave of fire descending in judgement.
Burning me to the quick.
Thick with self-denial,
the trial of the Romantique.
Seeking truth
in the shallows of the rain forest,
poorest of the depths.
Having slept with the demons,
awakened to the silence
and foresworn the violence
in the best Buddheo-Christian traditions
made proof of the truth of a lie accepted with a smile,
while
all the while
knowing that in a medicated haze,
all praise is lies.

Pray for the wind.

Pray it will not be defiled by
this child of my blackened heart,
that my final torment will not be as epic
as the tragedy of false hopes,
fed the bread bought at Borders.
Filling chalices
with the urine of mad marketers
made rich on pain gained at the cost of the children.
And I
will ride the winds,
even if the only vector left is
down.
Down to the foot of the cliffs of the legends.

Pray for the wind.

TRANSCENDENCE

the heavens are in heat tonight
for this penitent, penetrative dream.

the iron lion stands astride memory.
mantichore wings of black lace fragments
of a leather lost to the weather of whim.
to him alone is there an accounting.

countdown.

grey skies to brown toxic fumes
as the hypergolic moments when
soul and intellect touch in the ceramic chamber
of a nautilus heart.

the skies scream aside in a fictional friction
of breath drawn out to thread like taffy
pulled too long.
an obit of an orbit, undecayed
as the patina colossus pulls free his lame heel
from the grounding earth
and raises high the last romantic verb.

liftoff.

and I am gone.
gone beyond imagination.
a consecration of madness
sold in gold and honeysuckle silver.
quicksilver slowed to sublimate
into a crystalline matrix of time.

farewell.
farewell.

but it is no longer my concern.
for I burn tonight in orbit no longer.
stronger than an epiphany
made construct in the shallows of an id.

angels sleep

angels sleep a shift when we repose,
knowing that life goes on and that even sentinels
must nod from time to time.
and, knowing that I am safe in your arms,
and you in mine,
they need not watch every moment.

I saw you dance, unconsciously, listening
to Ani DiFranco sing about leaving in the morning
and the futility of shyness
when the clock runs short, like a dead end road
between the towers of downtown Los Angeles.

so, ride with me if you dare
ride with me if you care
ride with me, and your hair
will shine with the jewels you tossed
in small hand across the open fields
when you stopped to contemplate three wishes
already well on their way to being granted,
by being planted in my garden.

autumnal memory

the smell of burning leaves
always reminds me of my father.
a good man. honest and kind.
all my girlfriends who ever met him
fell in love with him.
but I saw him first.

close your eyes

close your eyes
that you do not see the walls dissolve
beneath the silent tears I shed
as I reach out and brush trembling lips
with trembling lips
that seek to speak a truth I have not words
well made enough to communicate.
but can speak with touch so eloquently.
if you will but close your eyes.

a touch of Heather

And tonight
a young woman
on the cusp of the silence of yesterday
and the variations of tears and joy to come
will read a dog eared copy of her favourite poet
and he will touch her.

Six thousand miles
from where he wrote the words
and three thousand miles from where he lived them
at the time of their emergence from the stream of thought
into ink to press to paper like lips against flesh.
And they will touch her.

The lights flee
to the touch of the nun marking curfew
and she is left with the pale blue curve of moonlight
as she draws the last syllables across her tongue
like the prayer she recited for her teachers this morning.
And they will touch her.

Eyes to mind.
Mind to heart. Heart to hands that play stand in
for a man she'll never meet face to face, flesh to flesh.
But her hands play second to his absence and she learns,
lessons caught in fingertip expressions of borrowed ardour.
And they touch her.

The night reigns.
And she is lost in the exploration of darkness
that draws her from this place, grey walls on the green land.
Her ragged, hot breaths, played out for an abstract lover
on an island touched not by his feet or hands or eyes.
And he touches her.

Glass roses

conceive of a flower.
like no other.
no colour,
but the curving clarity,
the photic charity
of crystalline silence.
past the rainbow's violence.
a white fragrance,
white as a virgin's first kiss,
or the lost heartbeat I gave over
to the universe when
first we met,
when first I set my sails
for a new horizon,
passion and pride put down
and sacrificed
to the gods of love.
to the holders of dreams.
to the bearers of my gift.
to wings that take their lift
from the winds of sorrow.
a meadow of perfect blossoms
refracting the light you give me
onto a page of history and hope.
my brother, the night, takes me,
and I am not tomorrow anymore.
but my words endure.
pure
as a field of glass roses.
row upon perfect chaotic row
not discovered in this incarnation.
but they are out there.

brisant revelations

expect the apocalypse
if a vow as sacred as I have taken
should prove
mutable in the wills
and winds
and currents of the human heart,
stolen from the fires of a Promethean glory
unshackled to the punishing stone
to atone for the arrogance of hope
and love
and empowering the juggernaut.
actions refracted in colours of a spectrum
that runs not from red to violet
but from osmium to radium
through silver and platinum and gold and rhodium
polished to a rosary of alpha particles
striking ghostly glowing receptors
in a flint and steel approach to making
nuclear fusion of lovers' sweat.
breaking down the waters
to make hydrogen and oxygen,
breathing in the latter
and fusing the former
in a thermonuclear glory
that rises like the sun in a heart
finally released like Glatissant
to stalk the legends of a lost mythology.
where the Gods walk only in tandem.
as it should be.

the patchwork skirt of my love

the sound of soft fingertips across the strings of a lute.
strumming the memories. humming the melody of life.
and I am lost in the possibilities of your presence,
pleasant, peasant prayers that lead to the summit
of the mountain in the distance, where legends reign.

kings cannot know this brandywine. princes pass perplexed.
and all the bishops seem ignorant of the nature of God
when their ignorance of the crux of creation is displayed,
paraded in the sudden dance of a smiling child by the fire.
and I am lost in the reverent reveries of this revelation.

play for me that melody, the one you tried to teach me,
you tried to reach me with when I despaired of lost love
and the angels and faeries all seemed annoying pinpoints
that pricked and stuck and stole the moment that was mine
and you came for me, barefoot and arrogant, like a poet.

and the fires swam into the sky and I, I was reborn.
torn to pieces and re-assembled like a patchwork skirt
to brush your bare legs in the summer heat and to defeat
the angry winds that would come down from the mountains,
mounting the horses of hoarfrost to charge your charms.

I live now, in more than just abstract recollections of a score
of forgetful lovers who would not give me second thought
were it not for the trinkets of my words they wear as bright badges
as they tell their tales of the pale blue moon of memory.
and they don't wear the patchwork skirt of my love. or play the lute.

I rained poetry

there is no fear on the edge:
joy.

joy is what I find in the instants
between moments
when my feet are touching nothing but
sky
and the rocks recede
to return.
sooner or later.
driven by grave gravity
and the intemperate nature of natural law.
but
in the brisant moment,
leaping from
precipice to precipice,
I am reborn,
triggered and transfigured.

worn away are the chains of
the pains of
the stains of
mortal mediocrity
and I -
I am one with the clouds.

and I rain poetry.
(for that is my nature.)

as you turn your face skyward
to catch a few drops
on a tongue parched
by the dry air of memory
and the sun of shallow sentiments,
sold in the Hallmark rack
in the name of mass seduction.

and I rain poetry.

to irrigate the fields of forever
and make them ready for the seeds
planted without your realizing it
when you waved to me
as I ran the cliffs
high above the plains of stale acceptance.
and danced.
and danced.
and danced like a hurricane.
at the thought of you,
naked in the rain.

and I rained poetry.

bringing the thunder at the appropriate moment
when all other senses were spent
and only sound could
penetrate

the wet shell of overloaded synapses.
what passes for the echo
of fire that surged
and purged
the very ions of our irony.

and I rained poetry.

calling the winds to lift me.
to gift me with the words
that you would carry,
eroded into your sandstone soul.
nevermore the monolith,
but an aggregate of your essence
with flecks of my pitchblende.
bound to you by eloquence
that quenched an ancient thirst,
cursed to you
in a garden you will never see
except in the mirages of the maelstrom.

and I rained poetry.

and it was nothing.
compared to a single, honest kiss.
but it was,
in the absence of passion,
a worthy golem in the armies of solitude
up
on the cliffs
where I still dance with the winds.
and call the thunder.
even when no one watches.
or cares
or dares
to dance along.
(for that is my nature.)

the ancient brain

your sheen of sweat
whets my appetites
for the nights of incoherent light
merging into new colours.
hold tight to all my angles
and I will intersect
memories you did not know you were capable of
but dimly saw in a fantasy rendered
in colors of solferino and pale blue.
sound for me that song again,
the one with only rhythm and words
that work only in the context
of satin and silk and scents that went
straight to the ancient brain.

tip for tap

tip for tap. the crush and thrust of contact made,
displayed, paraded in a prayed-for instinct of distinction.

run red, the heart is bled.
run red, the heart is bled.
and all that I have said
is to get you into bed.

chaste chasings on the framework of folly, ornate
to innate feelings. irate thought censors sent packing.

run red, the heart is bled.
run red, the heart is bled.
and all my passions, dead,
awake to mourners, fled.

crimson lips to solferino folds, gold to the barter,
the starter's pistol for my heart discharges rainbows.

run red, the heart is bled.
run red. the heart is bled.
and these thoughts are all wed
by a weaving of romantique's thread.

tip for tap, the crush and thrust of contact made,
displayed, paraded in a prayed for instinct of distinction.

radiant tigers

welcome to the land of radiant tigers.
bright eyes like coherent beaming ruby rods
fiercely piercing the fearjungle of life.
pouncing like Lord Byron on a first draft.

poets glide on the slip and slide emotions
whetted and wet with the potions of passion.
sweetmeats met in a feast of least persistence,
an insistence on the order of a random universe.

roadwork with the soda jerk mixology of words
that effervesce with a laugh in the daft draught
of expressions caught caterwauling to glance
off the silvered glass mirrors of albedo'd radiance.

welcome to the land of radiant tigers.
citrus stripes on cocoa black, warm as memory.
cold as calculations in an impatient ledger,
counting found funds, lost time, and three deep breaths.

TEMPEST

Take into your palm the merest scent of the rain
the taste of the clouds brought down to fill the sculpted rims
of earth laid open to catch the essence of life.
Grounded, pounded flat by the cold courage of ages past,
at last we find the run of the water makes meanders of our hearts.
Rivers of our souls.
Lakes of our illusions.
Oceans of our desperations
to sail upon when we are stale within our failing lives.
Knives honed on the waterglass of our saline runoff.
Kissing the idols of our Poseidons
from which rise our Aphrodites.
Which touch the clouds with their beauty
and bring the tears to wet again the sterile ground.
And we wait for the thundergods
to bring the storm. Hot on the heels of the cooling clouds
that weep upon as they reap from us our thankfulness.
And the lightning never fails to elicit
a sudden twinge of terror.
As the thunder rolls
and our souls fold in upon themselves in mirror mockery
of the opening leaves that drink the tempest's tears
and give us a taste of ambrosia.

Dare we cross the Rubicon?

dare we cross the Rubicon
that lays behind your door?
where sheets and skin and perfumed sin
shall draw us from the floor?
topple our frail dignities
of manners and restraint.
proves to us this fiery rush
is no false suitor's feint?

would you dare to see my scars
that run beneath the veil?
would you dare release your dreams
and climb, where others fail
to hold their breath until their death
is crescent to their prayers?
both barefoot and bare headed, bold,
to climb celestial stairs.

where heaven waits behind the gates
and passion is the key.
where wanting all is not the fall
if you trust your destiny.
dare we cross the Rubicon
that lays behind your door?
where sheets and skin and perfumed sin
shall call us, evermore.

how would you have me touch you?

how would you have me touch you?
how soon? how oft? how soft?
would you have me lay back on the bed
and let you rise, aloft?

would you ask I play seduction
so that you can play ingenue?
or would you like to take the lead
and teach me a thing or two?

shall I wine and dine and sweep you
off your feet and on your back?
or shall this be a blue jeans thing
or a tryst of a darker tack?

may it be to your great pleasure
if I insist your essence kissed,
that I may wait to penetrate
until you have found your bliss?

and would you let me hold you
for the night, or for a while,
and feel the heat between us
and taste the comfort of my smile?

how would you have me touch you?
how soon? how oft? how soft?
would you have me lay back on the bed
and let you rise, aloft?

TITAN

water to earth
earth to air
air to fire
to be quenched by the waves

nobody saves anybody
in the end
my friend
it all ends badly
sadly
for the brave soldiers
on the barricades
playing charades
of national anthems
and a battlecry
that will die
soon after the sound

pounding the walls
of stone and earth
with fists made bloody
by the ruddy soil
boiling away the clay
to leave us
something primal
criminal
and best forgotten
a test gone rotten
and the eggs float
like a capsized boat
unable to carry anything
but an object lesson

the riddle of impatience

warmth enough for two,
few share with any sense of synergistic sin,
but take skin between tender talons and test
the winds of surrender to the forces of a sky
red rimmed and rapacious, the cursed thirst
drawing out of us the need to bleed seed
in the consecration of the warm wine,
christening the glistening membranes
with pain and stain and swain's refrain,
learned in the cunning craft of seductions.
and we are not better than the bettors
who lost their nerve and took short odds
rather than seek the skies on the way to heaven
in and through the arms and charms of love.

Jasmine and Plumeria

I will
pass my heat
through oils and essences
held in my hand
just long enough to
pass my heat
into your skin.
your soft
fragrant
skin.
every pore
every curve
every nerve
begging touch
like a child
seeking reassurance.
and as I
pass my heat
into you, the alchemy
begins and the thin skin
turns oil
into gold
that you hold,
every fold,
every plain and ridge
and tensing membrane
calling my name
in silent
invocation
celebration
consecration.
as I dare
pass my heat
into your fires.

The taste of remembrance

you reminded me of memory.
not a memory.
but memory.

that twisted lift of something.
something. something caught
on the roof of my mouth
like peanut butter.

but it is a soft mystery
that wafted in on winds
I had not smelled
since midnight in Venice,
with the jasmine
and the dreams
that coiled in eddies of air
caught in the shadows
that melted into you.

true to your nature.
true to my hunger.

your shoulders bare to my touch.
your eyes closed to my thoughts.
and all else open and warm
and something like music.
something like music
when it comes upon you
suddenly, but beautifully,
like a lover at first waking.

and memory tasted a lot
like your lips.

the frost of ill-remembranced things

sacred whims, foresworn this night,
we banked them in the dark
to hide from sight a blessed light
in which we shield our mark.

a print that hands and solemn bands
can not and never steal.
a kiss, amiss, and yet in bliss,
to, by this choosing, seal.

in autumn I did drop my plumes
and slowed to sullen pace,
and barely made the sheltered rooms
to sleep a winter's brace.

and comes the spring on powdered wing
to wake me from my grave,
to test the mettle of this thing
we fought and sought to save.

votive

the cycle cuts both ways
and the haze that lays upon the sky
falls in cascades unafraid of your perceptions.
conceptions, missed and made, kissed and played
for a fool, held in continuous catalepsies.

the promise makes a mark.
stark realizations evoking amotations
in the mouths of children reaching for the golden apples,
sold and consumed in fists fitful and frail.
the sail of the horizon turns away, if only in the dimlight.

the riddle takes its toll.
soul food for the role we all play in the dance.
chances exchanged in dances made to execute a single turn.
and we burn. oh, we burn with incandescent passions,
fashioned in the image of our gods, however we build them.

the memory remains to tell.
and we will share it when we dare again to feel something
less than the most that we toast our fall over, the wine
of wisdom running across tongues made numb with the spices
that twice as oft as not have burnt our lips for a draught of heaven.

the Nosferatu's quandary

The night grows long, the hunger deep,
I can feel it in me, as I sleep,
a hollow womb of poisoned thought
that floods with passions scattershot.
That I might rise to walk the trail
where lovers strive and lovers fail
will not be left to destiny,
castoff, aloft, to plummet free
and gather speed and gather seed
and, in the end, to gather need
to blight the night with crippling pain
until I dare to feed again.

Will you be with me tonight?

will you be with me tonight
when the demons come?
all the doubts running like molten wax
from the wick of my heart, trimmed
too tightly by anxious hands...
holding me against the lost causes
I sold out for you and your eyes,
spinning webs that I can never cut,
never tear, never touch for fear
that you might one day awaken
and realize that there is someone
in this world besides yourself.

the taste of a shy smile

sliding by
the sky
we touch on
several planes
in wavelengths
beyond violet and red
the past is dead
and serves
the purpose
of conduit
to deliver
us
to this moment
suspended
between what was
and what is possible
which is
everything
yet to be explored
not ignored
like opportunities
for joy
by cold and craven players
in fading photographs
and memories

I know things
that toe rings
and a hint of jasmine
can't communicate
fate and hate
are not sibling or regent
and we prevent
our own happiness
in cowardice
and a curious logic
that begs the tragic
refusal to love

because we know we are
unworthy
but that doesn't stop God
or poets
and the taste
of a shy smile
should be immortal

the philosophy of dreams

touch me. for I am flesh, as you,
given to the same needs for air and food
and warmth, communicated between two bodies
at rest, touching in all aspects possible.
and many improbable,
as I pull a cat out of the quantum corner
and make it into roses to bloom in arcs
of every colour of a spectrum of another sphere
as they fill the room with exotic perfumes
I brought back with me on a trip to the stars.

sing for me. I will smile and touch your hair
and dare to sing along, when I know the words.
for we are at best in blended voice and thought
and flesh, yes, I recall mere moments ago
when I could not tell the terminus between
your light and my darkness, as angels averted eyes
and we made the case for unity between us.
it was. yes, it was. it was something I will write of
when I catch my breath and I can find words unique
and perfect and passionate enough.

dream of me. for I dream of you. I dreamt of you
even before I heard your voice. before I knew your name.
when all I knew was that, by the same evidence that I know
that there is a God, you exist and existed and I would find you,
even if I had to climb mountains of madness and sail,
sail forever, it seemed, on seas of the mediocrity of life.
for there is too much to be lost to the world if I was right.
if love is and was and will be regent. regret wets sweated sins.
but I am a penitent pilgrim, lost on the road to Golgotha.
seeking something more than the philosophy of dreams.

and I will sleep alone

I will sleep tonight and dream dreams
I cannot express until new words
are forged in the heart of the world.
Words bright and black and so fresh and hot
they burn the skin of the hands that hold them,
but are as soothing as lemon ice on a parched tongue.

And I will sleep
alone.
Not by choice, but by design,
as the sailor on a sea of memory
seeks new horizons,
but for all his skill and talent
must make do with the wind that comes.

Deep and hungry pockets

I am lost.
lost to the light, to the night.
white on white is my banner of war,
boring plainsong to a tuneless drumming,
humming like an indifferent hive
of stingless bees, high in the trees
above the patient earth,
worth little when the honey runs dry.
and I
need to pull the knife out of my back
and get a life where my knack
for giving more than I get
is welcomed with more than
deep and hungry pockets.
all used up
and the cup is less than half full now.
a vow of unbent knees
so close to being broken,
unspoken is the sixth word,
but it was heard before.
when the floor was wood
and life was good
and love was not an obscenity.
an amenity
to be bartered off
to be placed
in deep and hungry pockets.

the poisoned pen

The troubadour, he knows the truth, unsuspected and unspoken,
that tears the soul of every man whose heart and mind lay broken:
Dreamers die, for a poet's lie, at peace with their transgressions.

The miller and the blacksmith are at peace with their professions,
the priest will carry on his trade and take the strange confessions.
The troubadour, he knows the truth, unsuspected and unspoken.

The sentry knows to challenge foes when in the night he's woken
from the disturbing thought born from what is in the barrels oaken:
Dreamers die, for a poet's lie, at peace with their transgressions.

The mistress and the novice seek each her own perfections.
The baker fires his ovens to be lost in his confections.
The troubadour, he knows the truth, unsuspected and unspoken.

Warriors die for causes both obscured and held as the slogan
of their leaders, prayers in the shadows of Holy vows now broken.
Dreamers die, for a poet's lie, at peace with their transgressions.

Take these words as a sign of faith and as my memory's token,
the realization stands apart, against all false impressions.
The troubadour, he knows the truth, unsuspected and unspoken:
Dreamers die, for a poet's lie, at peace with their transgressions.

flowers for your hair

if I gave you flowers for your hair
would you wear them? or would
you put them away in a vase somewhere
for future reference in case you could not find
better blossoms or a better suitor
to dance on the beach with?
and would you be strong enough,
to answer when asked,
where you got the flowers from,
when the jealous boys at the well asked
their fists clenched in
self-targeted cowardice? there are no
right answers to the riddle. but I have
little time for vases and evasions.
love is meant to be a simple thing
that we poison only with artifice
and our own shortcomings. wear
the flowers and dance with me
in the twilight, and I will everyday
find new flowers to add fragrance
to your life. to your love. to your heart.

ecstasy

The long, slow, inexorable slide into ecstasy,
subtle and not so silent that you cannot hear your doubts
as your own shouts drown out your blushing conscience.
Patience rewarded, hoarded passion tapped to flow undammed
like tears wept throughout our electric union.
Fire consecrating this sacrifice made to build upon
a question unasked but taken on the tip of a silver tongue
in silent worship of your flesh and your heart and your mind.

my life

My life. It is my life to make of it what I choose.
I will win, and lose
and smile more often than not.
Courage will give me hope. Hope will give me
strength. And strength
will give me the courage to seek new truths.

And I will never love without a sense
of wonder and awe at the
infinite possibilities within the human heart...
and the beauty of dreams, held iron and ironic
within even the most tragic
fall from grace and the dreams of the damned.

And I will not be given to despair, for I have stood
in fires I could not fathom
and held my breath until death seemed sibling
to the pain within my soul. For this experiment
of my life will have validity
within the scientific method of the universe.

A sky, wet with tears

part the skies with the sweet saline of tears of angels
watching with silent shame at our self-immolative madness.
pride that hides a thousand cowardices, the root of weakness,
we seek the bleak shallows of the desert rivers, a curse that tells
all there is to know about our paper hearts. spirits windblown
like the dandelion fluff and milkweed faeries that carry seed
too often into sterile earth, to wither amid the stones that feed
on our very impertinent apathy. free of remorse, pebbles sown
to litter the salted fields of a potter's grave, slave to error.
the village idiots of an age of electrons, speaking in child scrawl
on a tabula rasa for the deaf and the dumb that still hear the call
to arms to seek the fellowship of kindred hearts in a mirror.
clouds on wings as oft leathery as feathery, as bitter and black
as the wax of a candle snuffed with dry fingers holding nothing back.

Uriah

and for all these things, they are now but dust.
crushed beneath the heels of the celestial waterclock
that grinds us down with tears and tempestuous synapses.
seizing our days in slivers of life. the knife has no handle,
and thus we must rip our own flesh to fight the war
we promenade into like dancers in a royal spectacle.
mirrors bend the light and we might see something
of ourselves in the eyes of strangers called to kiss
the edge of our self-immolations...
but in the end, no one stands alone, or they fall.
and the walls of Jericho still mock the memory
of the stonemason.
for, in words, there are no truth.
but in our hearts.
in our hearts,
those cold orbs we cover over in varnished iconography
we flee to when we cannot deal with hope.
cold and kinetic like a snowball fight
on a dark December night.
white out.
right out of a prophecy
written with fingers still wet.
night sweat.
and a game of liar's poker
played to lose.
arrayed to lose
like Uriah at the wall.
left to die
for a purpose
he did not comprehend,
for he did not know
the currency of history.

laying down the tools of pain

We are better than our rationale, fashioning
our fronted personalities on lessons learned
and burned into us with the lash of pain, fading
only slightly in the shadows of our somnambulance.
I have lived more than a life in my life, and found
that the unilateral gift is better than the exchange
of poisoned arrows, narrow heart, narrow minds,
those who stand behind the pillars rather than atop,
and never taste the truth without a smirk. Yet, still,
life is more than the madness we perpetuate when we
close our minds, close our hearts, close our lives
to the infinite possibilities of love. And if I alone
understand this, I will not bend, will not pretend
that I can bury words and actions with a shrug, for
it is better to love alone than hate with the masses,
for when we let down the fears that drive us, we
achieve at least a shadow of the image of God.

Damascus, Movement 7

"Humble seulement en face de Dieu."
And so the great I Am must have loaned
a reasonable likeness to you.

For I am humbled. Cut down to size,
a bite size morsel for digestion
in the gullet of the phoenix.

The image of the Maker reborn
in graceful secrets, a sadness set
in stones of jet and jade and sapphire.

I have cut the stones we selected.
I have kissed the hems of the elected.
I have sheathed the souls, unprotected.

Wings drawn to launch pirouettes to land
amid dry stones and forgotten bones
left on the desert floor by the road.

Afterimages of shadowdance.
Bright shades casting calculated crimes
in stark relief of the honored dead.

"Humble seulement en face de Dieu."
So the prophecy and loss, counted
in killing stones, is crushed to the crust.

Sacraments in a cul de sac sent
skimming over the bleached beach sand dunes
that stretch far and away into hope.

I cast the runes in riddles, rhythm'd
to force slow staccato memory
to telegraph the tempest tonight.

I will worship with my memories,
I will worship with my threnodies,
I will worship with my vanities.

Zeus and Apollo, Odin and Thor,
small gods of passion, small gods of war,
acolytes on acid etch the night.

Futility folds a hand of prayer
and draws, to an inside straight, a queen
to take the place of fours and knaves.

"Humble seulement en face de Dieu."
I will touch the face of God tonight,
and offer earnest prayers in the dark.

wine

touching softly the fringe of your hairline, testing the holy waters
of the sweat that forms on your brow, even when it is cool,
as the fool rushes not in this time, but begs the wine
of an earnest heart to age to full flavour and ripe with intoxication
made manifest in the last kiss I place on lips begging
to be crushed so that the juices may flow from the cask
and down the wine stems set slightly apart
until the toast is given and the thirst is driven
from us in a wave of warmth made effervescent
by sacred words spoken between the press of life.

the pale of your breasts

like porcelain, crafted by the potter goddess, Freya,
who pours out our hearts into the shells she shapes.
I was bold to dare to touch them, bold to dare to take
them in my hands and kiss them with all the honest ardor
I could summon to convince you of my fealty and love.

Lovers at the well

kisses like candy set in hand cut wooden bowls.
torches unlit to hide in the darkness, stolen
embraces. traces of love. faces touching
the wind. once skinned knees, now merged
souls. children to maturity, purity of passion
by the well where they played not so long
ago, pretending to find fascination in the stones
the peddler kicked while calling out his wares.
copper knives and wooden bowls. mixing mischief.

eyes of stained glass and fire

There is a point in the arc of living lives parallel
where all the gifts of heaven and thoughts of hell
will not produce an image of provable clarity.
The charity of our prayers, visions taken alive
to be slowly cut down in the tortures we strive
to justify in meandering memories and prophecy.
Buying the worldview of others, sold in paper weighed
by scales that are irrelevant to truth. Parts played
on a stage we are forced upon, acting and reacting
to the directions out of confusion, the cool breeze
of our self-awareness blocked by the windbreak trees
we fooled ourselves into thinking as a clever thing,
to throw in the face of others. Ancient harmonies
reborn in an instant of illumination and honest desire
when one finally looks through eyes of stained glass and fire.

The wind out of Valhalla

Premonitions scattered like coals spun from a burning dervish.
The signs and sigils of fallen dreams, dead and decaying, a lost commodity. A cost of purity. A purpose mocked. Again. The cult of cruelty flowing out of weakness, not strength, as we at length learn the price of our illusions. I have made my peace with life and will find another road, another place, another purpose fitting to one compelled to carry the cord wood of the fires of judgements not rendered anywhere but inside. Pride that lied. Facades fading into masquerading demons that laugh and run as my first footfall of a new day echoes on empty silk. The milk of memory stains the walls of the halls where once stood the sons of man and God together with the daughters of dreams breathed to sentience in a pittance of sacrifice on shoulders so broad I marvel you rise every day to face the blistering mirrors of self-judgement. But I am not your messiah, I am merely a man. And, on knife point, proven all too human, all too ready to burn for your love. And the music nears the silent chorus of the dance of the dream.

Dram

the smallest unit.
beauty and terror
in trace amounts....
it counts for little to our senses.
but its impact is immeasurable,
for it is undetectable and thus
gets past our guards.
shards of the fractured crystal heart
of a forgotten dragon.
flechettes that forget nothing
for they are soulless,
like so many lovers.
but I have seen your fire.
even banked, it burns on...
and I will warm myself oneday
when amotations are again allowed
in the dreams of the waking dead.
until then,
let us drink our drinks of trace elements.
and I will teach you alchemy of the heart.

Damascus, Movement 3

Aphrodite
does not barter her beauty
for hollow promise.
wisdom girds glib eloquences in a veil of truth,
the sooth that soothes us
like the blood of aloe fresh cut from a garden
where we swore we would never walk again.
jasmine.
a thought slides like electric lovers
across a sea of tranquility
where the dust is kicked skyward
by the blue flames and boots of the explorers.
I awaken from the dream.
sightless.
paralyzed.
the cold catalepsy illustrating the fear of death
I had forgotten.
but there is an incandescence in the darkness.
and, for once, I sink back to sleep,
aware of God.
and cognizant of the pattern in the tapestry
as I await Rome.
content that Damascus was no illusion
this time.

sparks, like frozen lemons

caught at first glance.
a chance attraction
like a wanderer between stars
caught in the gravity well
of your incandescent eyes.

a sweet smell that draws me in,
seven powers invoked to choke
my last struggles.
a vanity to guard a sanity long lost.
the cost of a vagabond heart.

sparks struck. the kindling catches.
and it matches the fire sweeping
across the dry grass of a solitary soul.
fed by the wind of dreams returning
like the dragons on the horizon.

from out of the city

From out of the city came words. Small words.
Words like lead pellets, ringing on armour, stinging on flesh
and carrying a message of rage and honor defended.

The prophet spoke in broken syntax, the facts spoke
for themselves in time and he was carried to the city square
to be stoned to death, in accordance with the law.

Morning slid over the horizon as if on rails invisible,
and split the night like Trinity. Infinity seemed possible
except for the silence of the waking world, one eye open.

Mourn the night and rise. Rise to your feet and climb
the hill you always said you'd climb before the end of all things.
For it is upon you, even in the optimism of dawn.

Mourn the night and rise. Rise to your vision, rise!
The afterlife is not waiting for you, but you for it,
and the madness of martyrs may call it too soon.

Mourn the night and rise. Spread your bastard wings
and catch the feral winds that come on the sun's fire
to sweep away the night into small shadow piles in corners.

From out of the city came words. Final words.
Words like Eden. Gethsemane. Golgotha. And then.
And then. And then, the silence. The violence of indifference.

Terms of surrender

I can't pretend her love is unconditional.
or even original.
like a sin of omission.
someone left that off before.
and the more
all the more I try to make a cube
of the six coloured squares
and the innocent stares,
the more I get a hypercube.
time running like blood
between ritual fingers
raised in defense
a moment after the arrow
strikes home.
and the stone
anchors the swimmer
to his fate.
there is not grace in victory.
for the acid etching are not sweet.
not even bitter as they burn
a channel
as they churn the curdled cream
of a dream
left too long in the sun.
while you run
for the shadows.

Twice as hot

the fire that burns twice as hot
usually
(note the word)
usually
only burns for half the time.
but if you dare
to take it up a notch
to where gas becomes
nuclear plasma
and the oxidation
becomes fusion
it can last forever.
it is just few have
the courage
to burn so hot
that they blind
the world and
risk annihilating
the universe
with their glory.
for we are mortals and
immortality
frightens us.
so I will wait
in the torus
and see if you show.
for I saw the spark
in your eyes
as you raised your head
and dropped your guard
and held me
in a doorway
in New York.

the common tongue

the orthography of poets
belongs in poetry.
not in words spoken
in pain or anger or fear
of losing something or someone
held so dear
that you feel death upon you.
that is a time for the babysteps
of simple words, where commonality
is more likely true. a basic
tongue where truths are not
garbled amid the noise of well-meaning
friends who read letters like
Rorschach tests and listened that night
you raved until late, finding hate
in wounded love and bitter tears.

undefined

I remember how you wept
when I spoke the words
to you. undefined
the role you would play.
it made you walk to the fence
and ask for a dictionary
that you might ferry your heart
to a safe place. an embrace
between lovers destined
and damned. I am here now,
at the fence you built.
where sits the Raven.
and you left a note for me.
"major, yet undefined"
cryptic words before a dance.
deadly words the morning after.
the mourning after.

kisses

I miss your kiss
and want it back.

in the arms of the dragon

I kiss the beauty of your complexities.
your scars are a familiar terrain
to my lips, cut as they have been
a thousand times for greater
and lesser crimes unpenanced.
I do not doubt your beauty
and in the arms of the dragon
you fit like a gem in the forehead
of a smiling Buddha, alive and dreaming
of new winds yet to blow and yet
you seem to know where, if not when
they will take you, make you
all that you are already in the arms of the Dragon.

the panther on the beach

A poet's dream and invocation of dark divinity
spun of the ethereal webs of chance and sweet mortality.
A future memory calling of the panther on the beach.
Forbidden and forever. The rose, she grows just out of reach,
representing a resonant sweetness, nectar of a peach,
a poet's dream and invocation of dark divinity.
So innocently the Judas goat, la belle dame sans merci.
My blood, it burns in cascade turns, now in bondage to be free:
a future memory calling of the panther on the beach.
Hardwired, soul to sinew, as if the vengeful prophets preach
a fallen grace of lost face, disremembering what we teach.
A poet's dream and invocation of dark divinity.
I gaze, in rapt amazement, committing all to memory,
raging in a cage called propriety. A false dignity.
A future memory calling of the panther on the beach.
A visit to the edge of the enamored infinity.
Woven in words incarnate and the elegance of my speech.
A poet's dream and invocation of dark divinity.
A future memory calling of the panther on the beach.

Night of a thousand colours

crisp, cold and calculating.
the proper pronouncements
on tongues cut from leather
birthed in a sea of tranquility
and madness.
the blossom on a daffodil
crushed, a poet's hushed
prayers. and stairs that
ascend a tower, friend
to the night of a thousand colours.
duller than plain song.
duller than a white
plastic knife, serrated
ridges worn off on the
edge of the picnic table
where we spread a feast...
halfway down the road
to the farthest ocean.
another catalog case
of illusions and fantasies
to sit on a shelf forever,
like a lost clay wizard, forever
wondering of his exile from
his brother. another time.
another place. another face
and another crime. red
as lips in shy surrender.
indigo as the night.
hallucinations.
benedictions.
and sacred vows.
turning sanctuary
into a prison and
survival into
slow
lingering
wasted
death.

but my breath
will not be wasted.
and colours tasted
never forgotten
as long as I have words
and the will to use them.

The Reich of self-discipline

you are alone because you choose to be alone.
I am alone because you choose to be alone.
the balance is not there, but the justice is.
truth like a peach,
crimson with over ripeness,
nectar oozing in rivulets of pink sweetness
not unlike the last feast of passion I will ever taste.
memories unerased by the passage of time,
the message of crime uncommitted.
unremitting love.
sad.
as sad as a clock's song of solace.
less than the truth, more than a lie.
we cry in corners hidden from the watchful eyes
of our internal, eternal, infernal critic.
epic and poetic epigrams that slam doors
of opportunity as the fruit
slowly
slides
from its anchorage and
falls.
falls.
falls from the summit of dark kisses
and the joy of love play
into the isolation of the hard earth
amid the bitter blades of sawgrass
and the Reich of self-discipline.

The faceted sphere: 28

an etching of an unlikely and improbable and
impossible embrace that is cut into a warm
and plastic mind in honest desire. gentle
and unmocking this imagined unlocking
of the vaults of pleasure in a reality so far from here
that only infinite eyes can pierce the mists of distance and logic.
a puzzle to be prodded as I chase the chaste illusions
of a vision spawned in a single mental image of paradise
consumed for the want of a pauper's measure
of passion and sincere devotion. a whisper
raising fierce illusions of a chance to teach the dance
to an earnest paramour, the price of immortality
the only currency of worth to offer.

Cassiopeia's garden: wildflowers

fistfuls of colour
to give to my mother
to show her I love her

a summoned fire

claim for me your tattered soul
that leads your form to wander, soft,
on bare feet to the window's light
(to shroud your curves in barest light)
that I should send dark prayers aloft
to be with you, and play a role,
of conquered and the conqueror:
the paramour you can't forget,
who brought his heart without remorse
to walk your life like challenged course,
and share with you, without regret,
a passion damned forevermore.
allow me all that I desire
and I will share a summoned fire.

pride of authorship

we pride ourselves on our creations.
and yet, our greatest work lays
obscured by all our work-room
clutter emotions. sawdust and
that lost hammer, thrown in a
corner, not out of disrespect,
but haste and auteur's passion.
this script is grander than any comedy.
this poem is sweeter than any cycle.
this evocation advertises the best
in woman and in man, better than any
brochure or slogan. we are the art
and will be judged one day in
the eyes and minds and hearts
of those who descend from our
actions and our fleshs, based
on our pride of authorship.

strange...but beautiful

strange but beautiful
the arc of the lark, a curve of unswerving passion
fashioned in jasmine and honeysuckle wreaths
to stop the nosferatu's teeth
from more than a taste
from laying waste
to what, in haste, was imagined love
and some immortal dream of joy
that mirrored what I'd seen in the sun's cleft,
or so I imagined, in hope God had left,
but it came from blood
not the ether that folds cold memory
into the shrouds of distant stars
the better to bind noble scars
strange but beautiful

strange but beautiful
I can sense your presence
but I cannot ken the vector of your approach
and like Hector, I cannot fight
what I cannot touch in the light
swinging blind against the walls
as I kick against the pricks
I would place palms to cool stone walls
and wait your arrival, eyes shut to silence
the shadows of the fires
the shadows of desires
that would blacken flesh and bone
and drag me to the precipice
to dance for the fates my amomancies
strange but beautiful

base sacraments

I am not God.
for God does not need
to taste
the sweat of your kisses
to remind him of
your nature
your dreams
your needs
your beauty.
God is above the stirring
in my loins
whenever you smile
and a small strand of hair
falls askew to remind me
of how you look
stretched out beneath me
at the center of
a heated joy.

And.

I would prefer to worship you
than be worshipped by you,
as I draw purpose from your pleasure.

Welcome to the furnace

welcome to the furnace
the sweet heat in sheets sleets
and glass and brass alike melt
as I smelt a higher order of mettle.
fettle words are not hammered
like Toledo steel, you have to feel
the fire, the desire of a higher order,
a white-hot crucible is not a runcible spoon,
and the moon is the antithesis of the sun,
bordering on a consuming consummation
where every derivation in desperation
is just a cheap Chinese knock-off
of the designer hearts from the anvil
where people go to blow on their soup
because they say it is too hot
when all the while they need the burn
that turns them inside out to be bride
to a golem still wet from the forge
the sweat of creation rips apart
all that it touches, in a leper's blood flood.

I stand for you

I stand for you and lay for you as wills your perfect heart,
plucked from the Earth by time and toil to fulfill patient cause.

I beg from you an answer true to my bold suit and part.
For Diamondhearts and passionate priests the truth is as a dart
that pierces deep while mortals sleep to lay the pathway's laws.
I stand for you and lay for you as wills your perfect heart,
I knew your soul had struck a toll when witnessed from the start:
A dutied beauty in the stone ripped out by careless claws.
I beg from you an answer true to my bold suit and part.
I bleed out love to wash away the stains life would impart
and purify the petty lies the fools would curse as flaws.
I stand for you and lay for you as wills your perfect heart,
The waves will roar and tides may ebb but I shall stand apart
from sounding seas and soul's disease that would give others pause:
I beg from you an answer true to my bold suit and part.
I am not here for a fraction less than what fulfills my art,
and your kiss matters more to me than any crowd's applause.
I stand for you and lay for you as wills your perfect heart,
I beg from you an answer true to my bold suit and part.

shroud

you are the shroud I shall be wrapped in
when my time is passed to speak for myself
and my words are twisted in wormspeak
for future generations to puzzle over.
"did he really love her?" they will ask
and I will have no way of replying
to correct misunderstandings caused,
as oft as naught, by your words and actions,
the shroud about my decaying legacy.

oh, to be spoken of in truth and not puffs
of pale smoke and pink meringue memories
that lay upon sheets long discarded to fade
like serenades of a lost love, echoing
only in the ears of those who heard them,
raw and true and through the bedroom walls
where we spoke them in inarticulate wonder.
I am bound for dust and ash and curiosities
that can never be resolved, even by death.

thin skin

warm your heart on the heat of my hands
as I span long moments spreading oils
and lotions of fragrance on your thin skin.

my eyes closed, in wonder, at your softness.
your eyes closed, in wonder, at my warmth
and the peculiar sensations my touch invokes
to be explored later, with more than hands
and nothing between us
but hope.

to an unknown goddess

I will start spinning your veil, today,
even though we are probably yet unmet.

I will catch moments, like snowflakes that fall,
to remember them to you someday when we speak.

I will not offer to show you the scars
but speak only of the healing and hope.

I will prepare you a place to lay down
near the fire, near the window, in my heart.

the wild and defiled, along the way

I'll light the sky -
to show you why -
the stars are not my choosing.
retread my head -
get back in bed -
and cull a vict'ry from the losing.

you know, I know
when it should go
I don't need another creature feature teacher.
just bring your heart
just play your part
we'll figure out the details in the future.

ain't got no plan -
not who I am -
and not who I'd want to be anyway.
adjust, adapt,
to ev'ry slap
from the wild and defiled, along the way.

I want to believe
that you won't leave
and in something more electric than the thunder.
the heat, the beat,
of hearts complete.
something to get on or in or under.

if you've got the will
I've got the way, still,
you may want to check all your options.
if you walk on in
and let this begin
don't blame me for the repercussions.

ain't got no plan -
not who I am -
and not who I'd want to be anyway.
adjust, adapt,
to ev'ry slap
from the wild and defiled, along the way.

Waiting for the Pentecost

there is nothing sadder than the persistent scent of your fading attar.
the sheets, no longer so warm and pampered by your frame, sorrowed.
but not as downcast as I am, clutching aroma'd memories to a scar
where once was a heart, fiercely pierced and glad to bleed unborrowed
emotions, potions imbibed in subtle sips not just to sample, but to prove
the leisure of the treasured pleasure to be measured in infinities.
a resurrection perhaps to be as prophesied in your eyes, to move
me to the transfigured instant of passion and purpose, or to disease
a soul already spread thin on wings of wax and stolen feathers.
as I am frail, so is the sun an inconstant lover, comfort in winter
and the furnace of the crucible of doubt in summer's span, never
more than less than welcomed according to the need of the lover.
and I have trusted skies too deeply to not regard the rose's kiss a true
friend before evidence of thorns is regarded in accepting the legacy of you.

more than flesh

Rome was an illusion, this time.
bleached walls and the smell of cinnamon
carried on my sleeve, leaving me a mirage
dissipating in the cooling light of evening.

I am reconciled to this, a virtue of my age,
a virtue of one who never counts love given
as a waste of a perfectly good present,
for the value is in the one who gives it freely.

the cold catalepsies do not return.
I have passed the third marker on my way
beyond the Pillars of Hercules and out and away.
the grey stain as a scar worn as a badge of honor.

to sail for the horizons, hands rough on the ropes
with which I steer these sails of patchwork dreams,
unseasoned no more, but aged and worn,
tempered by the sun and the breath of Aphrodite.

I smell the fragrance of freedom, a lie unwound,
but a moment's intoxication to be bartered
for a soft hand and a smile that touches
more than wind, more than lips, more than flesh.

The Satyr's Suit

stay with me a while.
lay with me a while.
play with me a while
and I will make you smile

to the best of my ability.

I will worship you tonight,
in the darkness, in the light,
whate'er to you seems right.
or, at least, to your desire...

let me touch and taste your fire.

let my hold you and explore.
let me give you all, and more,
let me shake you to your core,
let me take you, make you, break you

of all sorrows and lost fantasies.

I will earn your memory.
I will turn you, set you free.
I will burn your depths, as we
explore all the pleasures, once denied

you have had to hold inside, waiting for me.

I dreamt of you

I dreamt of you last night.

dark dreams that break the dark with a truer sense of silence.
avatars and metaphors of dangers and strangers.
violence to my good wishes for you.
a sense of sorrow borrowed from
the histories and mysteries we've shared.

I dreamt of you last night.

and every muscle and sinew braced to pull you from harm,
only to be faced with the burnt ends of a rope
I would have cast you, blasted from my hands
by the demands of shadow figures
in your head, in your bed.

I dreamt of you last night.

yet no cold catalepsy returned to make mock by mettle,
only a hollow sorrow the one promise
I'd ever gotten from you was orphaned
by the side of the road like a castoff kitten,
left to die, as was I.

I dreamt of you last night.

Pellinore

had I the will these arms to fill
I would take you to me now.
inhaling the essence of your skin
as your hair brushes my face.
no trace of doubt, no fear of falling
in a lazy death spiral of fractured heart.
where do we start?
when do we part?
and with what shall we fill the lazy hours
and the impractical nights?
soft words leading to
soft touches leading to
harder words leading to
harder touches
and the moment where
the terminator line loses focus.
duality merged in kisses urged
to their necessary conclusion.

but I have lost the will
in the killing fields of memory
where I even now
search through battered shells
for the omens of hope
left cut
into my skin
where I fell
last time.
but not for the last time.
for I have the will
to find the will
to wake the legion
and reason enough
to rise to challenge
the mocking moon
in the nights of silence.

penny arcade

life is a penny arcade
where you drop your dirty copper moments
trace moments
into the slot of chance
and seize the handles
waiting for the raw shock
that challenges your will
and tests your desire to win
nothing more than bragging rights

then you
step right up
to the next machine
the metaphor
with more neon
and a sign that reads
"Try Your Luck
Two Cents"
and grab the handles

Bragi to Freya, on his deathbed

I am not blind to the beauty
but like a paralyzed man
his bed a prison
unable to touch or taste or smell
only those things brought to him
or that, by accident, slip though the walls
of glass and steel and watchful eyes
that institutionalize lies
to their own ends.
the sterility befriends
those whose clothes tell a tale of wanderlust
in worn soles and frayed hems and dust,
dust of a thousand roads
some walked to the horizon
some merely tested with timid toes
like an unfamiliar water pool at dawn,
yawning a frigid maw to pull you in
and cramp body and soul.

I am not blind to the beauty
but bound to it.
The sound of it is like music to a deaf man
who can perceive the bass line as it shakes
the snakes from the foundations of a world
made of a necessity, a necessary doubt
of things spoken with too much conviction,
words used as truncheons
to beat down relevant inconveniences.
The luxury of truth is something few afford
in the discordant umbilical left to hang,
to dangle at an angle on the edge of cliffs
we once leapt from, unafraid of the consequences
of gravity and the pursuit of knowledge.
I can see it, eyes open or closed,
limbs and lips languid or posed
like posturing candidates for a title
I am not sure I would or should award again.

I am not blind to the beauty.
I am not deaf to the music.
I am not cold to your touch.
I am not tongue-numb to your taste.
I am not unaware of your perfume
as you enter this room
and leave a telltale marker to be followed
into Elysium, if I am willing to rise
from my chosen catalepsy
and wear again the patchwork pelts
and the mark of my station and office
to follow where I swore I would go
when the word was given in silent mouthing
from across the room but in plainsight,
for I am not blind to the beauty
as I plant my fists in the stones
and press upward with aching muscles
to fulfill that which is ordained of me.

the lover

skin to skin
where do we begin
to explore the roaring silence
that has done violence to our natures...

tasting the back of your neck
as my hands slide down
slender hips to
grip
your thighs
and pry from them
an admission
of what you want from me
if only for a few uncomplicated hours

as the flower seizes me
and drinks from me my nectar
to seal me
into your universe
a curse of pleasure treasured
that I shall not soon
or ever
forget
or surrender
to time

and I will worship your flesh
as an offering of your spirit
with my hands
with my lips
with my tongue
and the way my hips
intersect with yours
at the moment you most
want to feel
like we are
like we are
like we are
whispering our vows
in a language
only understood
when you cry out
my name
as a blasphemy

Atropos

the edge is sharp that cuts the line -
and lets us fall to the divine
or in the pit of our own hand
we carved with care as our life spanned
the years of tears
and nights of light
we hid in shadows -

to escape
like cunning creatures
in the dark
we scuttled 'neath
Yggdrasil's bark -

the infestation of our shame
or pride we hide behind the blame
for all our follies
all our tears
all our prayers
and all our fears -

the thread is snipped
without our word -

an end to spend
the coin absurd.

Peel Back This Shell

Peel back this shell
I know it well
and I am not amused at all
to feel this skin
made thick from thin
to shelter hope behind a wall.

I'd rather bleed
of courtier's need
than chain myself upon the stone
away from harm
away from charms
with paramours of barren bones.

That I must fall?
I know this, all,
but do not envy those content
with tepid trance
of frail romance
and wonder where their passion was spent.

that I shall die alone

It is all right with me
that I shall most likely
die alone.
For, better the sullen truth
than the hypocrisy of smiles,
at light's end.

I can gather to me
the memories of moments
still ringing,
singing their validity
like awkward forest birds,
beautiful.

Passionate Echoes

At the edge of the sedge, withered,
or up upon my Damoclesian ledge, weathered
whims and feathered and leathered wings
furl and curl and give themselves to surly
kindness unrevoked and unprovoked.

The charity of love. Abstract to the plainsong
people who hum and thrum and play chum
to the sharks parking in the slipstreams
to fill their gills with a spider's hunt,
laying in wait. Fate that plays each card
like a Tarot gambler, wands for cups.

And I hear your voice, a blistered whisper
in a cathedral cut into the face of the cliffs,
the face of my cliffs, ancient stone displaced
for your esteem, for the redemption you
represented. At least in a case of mistaken identity.
The plenty horn, the sentry's scorn and
the fiddler's riddle, melodies played for purpose,
where the dread dead bled in a bed spread
before them like a croupier's domain,
where you can still hear my voice, if you listen.

kisses for karma

kisses for karma
dreams of the damned
lost in the silence
as doorways are slammed

where is my goddess
what is my dream
where is the promise
that answers the theme

shall I seduce you
or am I too late
as you slide from my rescue
rejecting your fate

kisses for karma
dreams of the damned
lost in the silence
as doorways are slammed

I am forever
bound to your light
let this be more
than a memory of night

kisses for karma
dreams of the damned
lost in the silence
as doorways are slammed

genii

I don't want to disappoint you
but with my sweat to anoint you
as I labour for your pleasure
and I savour your delight.

let me peel your self-denial
and just lay back for awhile
let me measure you for memory
while I treasure your release.

for the joy that I will generate
will seem radiant as I penetrate
into corners of your spirit
where now mourners congregate

I am called by invocation
to achieve a consummation
to slide deep into your body
til you sleep as ne'er before

with your fragrant garden tended
and your broken heart well mended
you can rest within my arms
until your cresting hunger calls

a vile attar

Deceit is a vile attar.
Avatars cut to the heel,
sealing the cryptic stonework
with words absurd and brittle.
Spittle trails, the banshee wails,
and the sails are torn apart.

A heart pulses equinox...
locks piqued with unsteady hands
demanding the ransom lost,
tossed aside in pride or rage.
Waging a war for its own sake,
taking the waking to die.

And I, I am still aware -
faring better than I thought.
What I have learned I will keep,
sleeping on a sea of dreams,
reams of the truth unpublished.
I am better than I thought.

of fallen and falling angels

the shattered glass leaves fractured face
as witness to this crack'd sphere.
we place our bets on cold disgrace
and shed the patronizing tear.

so we are pierced or cut or bent,
to make a sport for others' glee.
their sin, for which - we - then repent
with broken heart on bended knee.

the healing hands cannot connect
and words cannot pass through the shell
of withered joy and crushed respect
that bricks us up inside this hell.

we pass along the bitter gall
that tastes of shadows in the night.
and bound are we to rise and fall
in seeking out the morning's light.

with time and luck and patience, yet,
we may arise in moult of flame
to spread our wings and shed regret
and dare, again, to seek our name.

aside, astride the phoenix

bid me enter to your sphere
but tell not the world as I draw near
that I have come to meet you here -
aside, astride the phoenix.

speak to me not the shallow myths
of words that fell from ancient cliffs
to fill the valleys, full of glyphs
of warning, warding, wonder.

behold my breath, it burns the wind,
that whips through fields where lovers twinned
and bade brave bliss for sinners skinned
to feel each healing heartbeat.

that you have dared is proof enough
that you are made of earnest stuff -
cuir bouilli, smooth and tough,
to shield the unhealed warrior.

enter freely, of your will,
that you may share in what we spill
then gather up, to drink our fill
of the flooded blood of passions.

behind the façade

behind the facade
where
you kissed me
once
violating
promises
you and I had made
to ourselves
and each other
not to mention
other people
who seemed
suddenly irrelevant
at least for the moment
when lips touched
and something
-something-
arc'd
like lightning
but much
much
more pleasant
which suddenly seemed
a very faded word
and everyone
who wasn't there
that is to say
who wasn't me or you
only saw a red glow
on the horizon
and weren't sure
if they heard thunder
because you kissed me
behind the facade.

return to the goddess' bed

smooth and hard
slipping into soft and warm
sharing shape and sharing form
a point of intersection.
with breath and skin
how I long to trace the point
where flesh and silver make their joint
to taste this pure confection.

crimson sweat

the sticky-sweet crimson sweat
that blooms in bitter moments
when the pain rises up to challenge you
for control of your soul
does not own you, but you it,
as an expression of the reins
you slipped onto your heart
to guide yourself towards something.
something you cannot yet define.

The Priest of Passion Serves the Sacrament

break me down
take me down that shadowed path
where we once lingered,
daring fate to let us
touch
in ways shown sharing
in ways known caring
about what wordless whims
were communicated.

I can smell
your attar on my hands and clothes,
ancient faded memories
that I summon freely
heat
that feeds this fire
that feeds this desire
and when you shed your veils
I will enter the temple.

deity
and the temptress to my fall,
all I have - I sacrificed
the price of your hunger
fed
to make me bleed
to take my need
and let me mark a holy scripture
in fingertips on your flesh.

Pondering the Darkness

we soar no more to shade the sunlight
burning our sweet yearning hearts.
parts yet played by those afraid
to be what they once were.
the darkness creeps while memory sleeps
and we are hollowed by the night.
the hallowed fight takes flight
and we are left to ponder the darkness.

wandering, wondering,
the ignorant thundering
words that in time will seem wicked.
veils we chose to wear as clothes
remain, remind and blind us to the light.
and we are sabotaged, the kick'd.

prepare for what is past to cast
a shadow on the shapeless walls.
our prejudice and pretense calls and falls,
bleeding in the pain we express, caressing
all with hands of chance, a stumbling dance
that left us grumbling in the memories made.
but unafraid we are, no time to ponder darkness.

Sisyphus and Prometheus

this is not a love poem.
for love does not lay upon me
like sweat and air
and the sour taste of rain.

it is a moment
captured like a firefly
and left in the jar
too long to survive.

but it is an honest thought
and it retains at least
the shape and substance
from whence it came.

pain. self-pity. loathing.
a world weariness like poison
driven in with careless needles
to steal what little remains.

from the parapet

the minstrel said
"the first cut is the deepest"
but I am not so sure...
as the only proven cure
for a broken heart
is to wrap it in swabs of clove
to desensitize the nerve.
and I will not surrender
my grandest passions
even to not remember
the feeling when the blade
hits the bone
and cuts through
to the marrow.

like last time.

and every time.

for the heart feeds or withers.
so let the candles be lit.
and the tapestries hung
and the windows opened
to let the night air
and the garden paths of stone
bear the tread
of the next fair woman
who will share the whole
who will bare her soul
who will dare control
the stallions of Apollo
as I brave the cliffs
in the name of love.

Love is an Howling Beast

love is an howling beast.
consumed by rage that cannot hate.
fate, sealing wax and clay and stone
o'er bone and blood and flesh.
yes, flesh, meshing in memory.
memories born of hope.
torn to grope
in darkness, when what you need
bleeds out in the gutters
as silence utters
a grave pronouncement.
a riot act, a solemn pact
stacked atop distant mountains
too far to see more than
featureless white.
I would peel back my own flesh
with raw fingertips
to know again the texture of her lips
the scent of her hips
and to not have as mocking memory
the trips to the well of her heart.
I am that grotesque statue
left in silent field
for future generations
to wonder on the purpose of.

The Goddess Walks

the goddess walks in her garden
unaware that the sun is waiting her whim,
grim moments lending impetus to joy,
a royal smile on lips known to taste tears.
somewhere in the distance, where dark
gives way to grey and time holds sway
only for those foolish enough to mark it,
a troubadour plays a sweet and barren ode.

she shall serve as sacrifice
when forgotten gods of love and lust
call for their avatar,
surrendering her heart
to rule a land measured only
in how far I will walk in dreamless sleep
between now and the end of all things,
making words into wonders for as long
as there is language for a song.

for sacrifice empowers dreamers and lovers,
that which hovers between birth and death
a baby's breath in colours resplendent,
transcendent o'er all things, even pain,
as the power of light and shadows
weaves threnodies into amomancies
and nothing is regent but her will.

for I have waited this long for this song,
this song of stone and clay and fire and water,
this song of memory and hope.
praying for transfiguration as an act of will,
left behind as the kill of a nosferatu's rage.
laying page to wound to stem the life
that shall not serve as Ouranos' legacy.

Centaur

let me walk to the horizon
with you there by my side.
I'm not looking to play martyr
to some self-consuming pride.

I would ask you many questions
and answer all you dare.
I will smile at life's imperfections
as you brush aside you hair.

there are places on this highway
better spanned by teams of two,
and I am just to thinking
what it would be like, with you.

let me walk to the horizon
with you there by my side.
I've got gas enough for miles to go
if you come along for the ride.

I've got baggage by the bushel
as I know you've got as well,
I can't promise you good weather
but I'd walk with you through Hell.

dreams of the damned and dramas
are better lived in lover's arms
where you're shielded from the fire
by my passion and cast charms.

let me walk to the horizon
with you there by my side.
let us sleep in fields grown feral
where no hunger is denied.

let me walk to the horizon
with you there. by my side.

In the memory of lovers

Perhaps it is the season
to place my faith, again,
in the joy and the passion
of a woman's deep heart.

To offer up my honor,
my hunger and my heart
to the fates, for my part,
as a sacrifice to their whims.

I have not lost a step
on this road of dark corners
where whispers are murders
and rewards are quite rare.

But I can't see my failing
to see this through till mourning
replaces a voice warning
of the shadows that linger.

In the moments she ponders
there's a bittersweet venom
on the kiss of a woman
to the light or the dark.

On the lips of an angel
I have tasted redemption
and sad desecration
when she ponders too long.

Or when choosing unwisely
not knowing or caring,
her shallows breed suffering
and the currents then fail.

I cannot stand for her
if she doesn't come bearing
or at least shout a warning
when the demons abound.

On the black brick'd road
on which I will yet wander,
I will, in truth, wonder
what is under my tread.

I shall seek a soft solace
but not a surrender
I will take no pretender
again to my bed.

I will drink my new wine
in the memory of lovers,
each angel who hovers
will light a new light.

Be she destiny, incarnate,
or yet another missed moment,
I shall keep to this torment
undefeated, through the night.

aubergine confession

I would trade my white for your red.
My distance for your bed.
A kiss where e'er you've bled.
And I am yours, forever.

You hold me in your sphere.
I cannot flee from here,
from all that I hold dear:
And I am yours, forever.

Move closer in the cold
and fear not growing old,
our dreams, for time, are sold.
And I am yours, forever.

There is room for pain
that cuts against the grain,
but love, it shall remain,
and I am yours, forever.

I cannot promise fate
will open every gate,
and if I must, I'll wait.
For I am yours, forever.

bright and deadly

bright and deadly came the dream
upon the face once blessed with shade
and all the withered thoughts then played
to lay the path of new regime.

birthing black, the skies rolled back
to find a key in lock-blocked souls
that gave us pause to ponder roles
assigned to us at dayspring's crack.

bright and deadly came the thought
immersed in pain and memory
that tore the sore like emery
until I learned what I had taught.

repenting not the penanced prayers
that dropped me to my bruised knees
to touch me with a new disease
acquired in the liars' lairs.

I want to penetrate your soul
to find the sweet meats deep inside
you shelter now, with virtue's pride,
in pensive wait for dark control.

bright and deadly is the word
you thought you caught in whispered plea
from paramour on bended knee
who fled your bed once he was cured.

desire, disease, in twain, are blent
to make a potion of delight
from pierced flesh and cooling night
and sins we wish we could repent.

I would share what yet remains
in tortured frame and cracked heart
I've welded shut to heal, in part.
until you call for fragrant stains.

It is too late for alarm
as I kiss your pouting lips
as my hands lay on your hips
that I ride to make the charm.

To embrace you and to taste
the cleft essence of your need
to find someone who will feed
on your shame, so long misplaced.

I will enter you when bidden
and let loose to pierce your veil,
find your flesh, a text in Braille
marked with all your passions, hidden.

Do you truly wish me end
in my suit to seize your soul
to perfect you in your role,
inamorata, bended friend?

bright and deadly came the dream
upon the face once blessed with shade
and all the withered thoughts then played
to lay the path of new regime.

slitoris

I
am the blade
that laid
open your soul
I
am the blade
that played
you to control
the pain
the stain
the reign
of tears you cry
and I
become
your solitaire release
you try
to focus on
to shield
your tattered heart
you draw
your strength
at length
when your skin parts
and you see
the blossom
bleeding
off the ache
that kisses
miss
and pills
won't slake

I
am the blade
that laid
open your soul
I
am the blade
that played
you to control
the pain
the stain
the reign
of tears you cry.

the warm wine

She was midnight. Bright light and warm as life and fire.
Soft lips. Her hips made for the touch of this man's hands.
Dark hair. Nowhere did she deny her true desire.
Kisses wander beyond her heart. Naked she stands.
Her breath, small death. Bright light. Delight, her vows inspire.
Warm wine drawn out to share. So fair. Her bed: Pain's pyre.
Sentimental. Sacramental. Gentle demands.

She was the gate of fate, burning my heart ashen.
Waking. Taking. Slaking her thirst with me, the well.
Draining and sustaining my heart in her fashion.
Soft. And sweetly. And completely lifts me from Hell.
Tender splendor, no pretender to her passion.
Angel made flesh she seems a dream. Pale permission
To touch and trust when dust is legacy I know too well.

I will lay back and her attack will make me bleed
wounds of a love, cleansing for the sowers' passage.
Make way the grey and play and stay. Fulfill my need.
In her mission no division: Peace and coeur rage.
Warm wine. Divine. Consign me to life, I concede.
Release and cease the days of grey, just come and feed.
Let me, set me to her purpose. Share my vintage.

in the sphere of Venus I learned war

I have not need of sword or shield
to make you fall, to make you yield.
Just look into my dark'ning eyes
and see the shadow there that lies.

For I have seen the heavens cracked
to bleed the hearts of those attacked
by memory, the curse of soul
surrendered to the whims' control.

I can heal, for I can feel
the jagged edges I must seal,
but you must dare to now reveal
the truth beneath the scars I peel.

Look you now, beneath my skin,
stretched taut and hot by guilty sin,
and yet I've yet to drop my quest
while pulses life within my chest.

I charge you now to bring your cup
and 'llow me now to drink it up -
your essence, presence, and your fate,
that I may merge with your estate.

Or if you lack the will to rise,
then do not tempt me with disguise,
for in my time I have grown wise
from facing fickle lovers' lies.

Please come a while and do remain
I've tools and jewels to soothe your pain,
they still are locked within my lair
for heart of gold - and not just hair.

Match me with each candored word
that I might find what was obscured,
a lover who has earned her right
to stand with me, against the night.

And we shall weave a curv'd sphere
that slips by sorrow, pain and fear -
a single thing, as we draw near,
that shows us life, in colours clear.

rise

rise, dreaming, from the ashes
envisioning futures cut in gashes
from the ruddy walls of faded memory
made a prison of the amory
where once we lay, playful lovers
lost in the costless sins of passion.

rise, gleaming, from the ashes
quicksilver pouring from stored caches
of life and beauty, a rainbow of greys
playing on a wall of sacred sapphires, sprays
of baby's breath and black roses
chosen for their meaning, not their beauty.

rise, steaming, from the ashes
a pinch of light and a saline flash
merging into a purging potion of healing,
sending you crashing in crested waves of feeling
that you had peeled, congealed, sealed and concealed
like mulberry jam against an infinite winter's cold.

rise. rise. rise, damn you, rise.

rise. screaming. from the ashes.
ascendant precedent for a flametongue's lash
to part skies and lies and thighs and try as I might
I can see no further than this event horizon, night
as a beacon for the flight from photic silence,
the violence of the cold stone of mortality.

sleep

sleep
and let the silence signify
your release of the pain
the pain that stains
your day with sorrowed tomorrows
both rotten and misbegotten
defiled by the taste of vinegar
in a skewed worldview.

sleep
and let loose the crippling grip
you think you have to maintain
to make your way
up a ladder you imagined
as you were told a street of gold
was for you if you believed it
like tales of faeries.

sleep
remember an ember of dreams
fanned hot enough to burn
away the day
of a loneliness we would bless
with a sanctified acceptance
of the remorse'd course that pours
from the guilty pores.

sleep
so I may step into your bed
into your head from miles away
and lay with you
bleeding your weary tears to ease
the sacred ache of ancient need
I was born to bear from your heart
as penance for love.

dance naked in the sky

split second timing
turn on a dime and
find the prime number at the top
burn the walls to the ceiling
leave the world reeling
don't dare start unless you can't stop

climb the wire
light the fire
and dance naked in the sky
live like a goddess
no time to get modest
it's a crime if you just try to get by

show me a reason
to know that your teasin'
is an invitation to dance in the sky
I don't like to take chances
on third string romances
just tell me when and I'll never ask why

climb the wire
light the fire
and dance naked in the sky
come, don't you falter
take me to your altar
for the right set of lips I would die

seduction

let me catch you in the shadows
and take you to the side,
press you back against the wall and
see how high that skirt will slide.

find a place to press my lips to
and inhale your tender scent
make you wonder at the thunder
as your flesh gives its assent.

draw you in with tender magicks
to enthrall you to my feast,
rising up to fierce enraptures
as I capture dreams, unleashed.

faerie: love

seeing you
just seeing you
fills me with such a sense of
something
I can only recall
if I stretch back my memories
to a time when

love

was not a proven path
to the fate's wrath
and I believed
still believed
in the happy ending
at the end of a story of

love

what is the manner of
this mystery
this magic
this amomancy
that have you shrouded me with
so that I would dare to care to

love

when around every corner
on every shelf
in every empty pocket
I have evidence enough
of the bristlethorn nature
of the pleasant madness
of daring to

love

in the strangest corners of memory

I will find you in the strangest corners of memory.
The way you took your drink and the pattern
of cool drops of sweat that formed on the glass
as we spoke of nothing as foreplay to
an inevitable union, moments in the future.

The texture of the skin on your back when...
when you were warm and full of life and me.
The way your hair fell in my face when I was
too busy with other things to notice, but remembered
later, and smiled a slow and gentle memory.

The scent of jasmine filtered through the oils
of your skin as you lay beside and beneath me
asking for nothing more than everything I had
and was and would ever be and I gave it all
in joy and hope and dreams and passion undismayed.

The texture of your kisses and the questions you asked
with hands and arms and lips and legs and sounds
that were not words but spoke infinite eloquences
that stole my heart and soul and memory of promises
I had made before I saw your eyes and lost the pain of life.

feralities

I press my lips against your flesh
and follow soon, with hips that mesh
and match and mold and find my hold
with hands well eager to feel your curves.

the passion, it transcends the nerves,
and desire fires thought and act
and to your touch I well react,
to serve my purpose to your needs.

and, high aloft, like windblown seeds
we find our place within a cloud
and restrained urges burst aloud,
articulated feralities.

tell me the words you want to hear
and at which point you dare to fear
the loss of self to merg'd souls
in coals that burn to new degree.

and I in you, and you with me,
are tangled, mangled, wild and free,
within our sphere of heated skins
who knows what will from what begins.

the instant turns to moment spent
then hours without wild relent.
shall we ascend another tier
and whisper from a vanished sphere?

of what we left behind to fade,
like litter from a passed parade,
in celebration of our finds
of join'd flesh and join'd minds?

I want to feel your full release
to follow with your gentle peace
and find that I might penetrate
in every sense, your precious gates.

cut me

cut me
cut me in my sleep
not too deep
just enough to see the welling red
bow your head
and drink my life
in tender sips
through tainted lips
and with gentle laps
of your soft warm tongue

cut me
cut me deep
in my sleep
that you can taste my iron
like a fantasy of Byron
dark your kiss
as you lick me dry
and then you try
to wake my cooling frame
that I might hold you in your pain

cut me
cut me with your blade
for memory made
when I have made you bleed
in feral need
to plunge my seed
deep inside your shell
my passions swell
when I feel you drink
and know your darkest lust

I will come for tea

I will come for tea, as promised,
to make certain you are well, in your exile,
hiding out from the complexities and vexities
that got in the way of who you wanted to be.

I will bring a small, lacquered box,
which I will take with me when I go,
leaving behind the gift of this year's visit, always there,
but never the same and something of a mystery.

I will come for tea, as promised,
and you will show me your garden, a source of pride
and life and the colours you draw upon to paint
and write and give us sight into the world you rule.

I will walk the cliffs with you, the sea crashing
with practiced rhythms that we will have to adapt to
if we are to speak with anything more than eyes
and the occasional touch to shoulder or wrist.

I will come for tea, as promised,
never making the offer I once made, for you know
it is still there, like a floorboard that creaks when stepped on
and never needs to be spoken of, unless you want to say "yes".

kiss me

kiss me
fear me not for I want something else
than your life.
I want your soul, your heart,
your warm skin and heated blood
to sustain me and fill me.
to warm my lips
and fill my lungs with your surrender.
to bring me to the surface
that I may know the taste of life
if only for the moments
that it remains with you.
remembering that you,
knowing it would mean your death
yet in the knowledge of my desire
that runs to love and passion
you could not press lips
to seal your fate and my hunger
and had the courage and desire to
kiss me

a prayer for life and love

Soul to dreams, dreams to thoughts and reveries
I cannot always explain in words and tricks of light.
A touch, a kiss, a prayer for life and love that sees
further than the withered sedge and edge of a night
never wasted, for it sustained me to this moment
that I might catch that spark of the divine in you,
a flicker of a soul so radiant it hides deep to prevent
those who are unworthy from reaching for it, a view
or echo of the essence of angels buried in the tapestry
where the casual observer may miss it, lost in tracing
only the patterns they can comprehend. Missing beauty,
real beauty, more than mere flesh that sends blood racing
with the acknowledgment that you are not just beautiful,
but a path into seven heavens in a kiss of the spiritual.

I find

maybe I will see you sometime
when the skies are bright enough to resolve
the colour of your hair, inviting touch and much,
much more into this sore heart, ancient it seems
at times and then you step into my dreams
and make a mess of my resolution. the evolution
of man to stone is thrown out and I find

I find

an oddly familiar heat within me, when it should not be,
for it died a season or ten ago, a slow death,
fried in the workaday electricity of grounded thoughts.
but you intrigue me in ways I didn't realize
I could still wonder on when I see the image of you,
a smile against blue skies where lies
are sooner or later overturned and burned fingers
heal to conceal all but the memory of pain.
you wake me from the fading light and I find

I find

that the night is not a time for shadows
but the touch of you. a consummation to be wished
like I wish for air and the sun to rise in the morning,
warning me that there are still days ahead
when what I have bled with be remembered to me.
for such is the legacy of the brave.
you make me willing to face the memories
and make new ones, true ones, a few ones
that we really can't explain, you had to be there
but if you were we wouldn't have been doing that
the way we were doing that. when I think of you I find

I find

I want to see just how good all my other senses
can feel when my defenses are down and it isn't
a game or the same old patterns of habituated kisses
when cupid misses and hits other organs besides the heart.
I would lose myself within you to have found
have found
the truth about the religion of love and lovers.

faith healer

pour out your soul in soft sibilance
that I may place hands upon it and draw
the sickly-sweet venom that has festered
deep within a heart apart from mediocrity.
beauty a curse for drawing things darker
than moths and the casual stare.

I touch without entering, only to draw
into me the virulence of violence and silence
that has laid pain and stain to strain
your very soul to cry out for healing,
a sealing of the crypt where slipped
the past to make plot against your person.

I touch and feel the soft and subtle warmth
that radiates from within, a sin of sentience,
trapped in amber to be sapped in agony,
the cold boldness of those who do not understand
or respect the reflection of God within you.
I feel your soul moving in turbulent thought.

I touch and you draw me into you, no pretender
but a tender surrender of my boundaries to feel
the pain you seal in soft words spoken as dare and prayer
when those you care to let lay hands upon you
are offered a trip to an altar of communion
with an aspect of the religion of avatars of life.

I touch and your sweet sweat releases the sorrow
that flows into my skin, as I am the conductor of light
into dark places that no one faces alone and survives,
lives fractured every day by those who play
with the tools of the alchemists and amomancers,
faux dancers who lack the grace or experience.

I touch you as you lay upon me, silent but for
a soft breathing, your leaving not imminent but soon,
for I have done my duty and peeled pain from beauty
to serve the unforgotten gods of love and promise.
my hands can feel you rise and fall in subtler ways
than mere moments before, when transfigured by ecstasy.

more than simple lust

too far away to touch, as such,
and so I must reach to you with words
you've never heard spoken as token
of something more than simple lust.

not that my desire for you, the fire true
to our natures, is not a powerful pull
in bringing me to this moment and place,
but there is more to it than loins and groins
and the waking dreams of me, inside you,
driven to an exquisite madness by the skin
of your legs, wrapped about me to draw me
deeper into the well of your pleasure.

too far away to touch, as such,
and so I must reach to you with words
you've never heard spoken as token
of something more than simple lust.

for there is more to you than the swerving curves
that beg a man's hands explore forevermore
trapped in the wonder of your exquisite form,
warm and alive, thriving on the moments' madness
that burns you with our yearnings, churning
us to a feast of release made flesh from fantasy,
your hands touching me to tell me things
that you are beyond words for, urgent urgings.

too far away to touch, as such,
and so I must reach to you with words
you've never heard spoken as token
of something more than simple lust.

there is the light of your genius, the soul that rolls
out to the edge of the universe, a satin runner
that I would put off my shoes to tread upon, sacred
to my sense of the truth of God revealed in you
and the words you not only inspire, but speak
as you seek to understand the dimensions of life
in a world that curves away at the horizon, forever
just beyond your reach, that I would explore with you.

too far away to touch, as such,
and so I must reach to you with words
you've never heard spoken as token
of something more than simple lust.

the devils and divines

She was lonely from the outset
pushed aside and pulled apart
by the visions she had conjured
and the nature of her heart
always wandering and wondering
and falling for the lines
of the lovers and the liars,
the devils and divines.

Finding solace in suggestion
and silence in the crowd
where the voices that would haunt her
could no longer seem so loud
that they'd drive her to surrender
and remember what she'd lost
not a prelude to pretender
but a magic trinket tossed.

We can grow beyond our boundaries
we can feel beyond our means
when we find our way is brambled
between here and placid greens
where we would lay in pure contentment
if we could but find our way
and be happy for the hour
and like children, dare to play.

But we live in a world colding.
With the angry and the bent.
And our are torn to pieces
before the valentine is sent.
We are more than our adjustments
to this black and bitter sphere.
We are grace that places precious
all the truths that dare draw near.

She was lonely from the outset
pushed aside and pulled apart
by the visions she had conjured
and the nature of her heart
always wandering and wondering
and falling for the lines
of the lovers and the liars
the devils and divines.

in the morning I will be gone

in the morning I will be gone.
but who says a night can be measured in hours,
the tender splendour of light at rest
when the zest and the best of the world
falls into small corners to be pressed together
like pages in a journal full of wildflowers.

in the morning I will be gone.
because that was the deal we sealed in wordless words
heard only by us in purely furtive looks,
nooks and crannies of our revelations filled
with all sorts of lies we tell ourselves
because the truth hurts too much, too much.

in the morning I will be gone.
and you will launder and press and fold
and put away the memories that seemed so important
when they were being made, fading to jade,
pages that never yellow as we never look at them
except in the darkest of nights.

in the morning I will be gone.
but who says a night can be measured in hours
the tender splendour of light at rest
when the zest and the best of the world
falls into small corners to be pressed together
like pages in a journal full of wildflowers.

Thunder of Lust

I want to be the consecration of all your hesitation.

I'm not looking to seduce you
or in words to reproduce you
as a shadow of a light that burns so bright.
I'm not heading for a showdown
with my urges, dark and lowdown.
and won't walk away if you want to talk away the night.

There is thunder to lay under
as the light of heaven leavens
all our baggage, for a moment, lost and tossed.
I'm not looking just to use you
or in words to ruse, confuse you,
but know you glow, immolation worth the cost.

I want to be the consecration of all your hesitation.
I want to be the first, the last, the best and more.
I want to be sent reeling off the walls and off the ceiling
and to find my mind defined within your core.

I'm not spitting out excuses for the shadowdancer muses
that seemed bright while I lingered in the night,
barely living but for the sorceries of the dream.
I'm just ready for the static to be more than cinematic,
to reach this nosferatu heart with surging, purging light
that burns away the mocking memories with photic scream.

yielding to temptation

yielding to your fantasies.
skies don't lie and I,
I am caught in your cotton candy kisses,
held soft and aloft
like a prayer that dares eyes to caress
each curve with nervous nakedness
of heart and satin skin,
thin to the osmosis of dreams.
yielding to temptation,
crossing boundaries that bind
and blind me to my promises to be good.
bare feet on infinite sheets of sand
that are more than just a place
to trace our illusions,
the winds whipping us to crown senses drowned
in the elegant whispers
that remind us of what we really yield to.

I will drift into the light

I will drift into the light
but only for an instant.

I will dwell in the darkness,
near you, feeling your presence
in the soft sound of your pulse,
quickened when you become aware
that I am nearby, patient and content
to wait until the revelers are gone
and you invite me to stay the night.

I will drift into the light
but only for an instant.

I will lay beside you, warming to you
as your life nourishes me and you see
the colour return to my grey flesh,
signaling my rare hours of mortality.
my heat now more than a memory.
my hunger for more than your blood.
my need for you never more regent.

I will drift into the light
but only for an instant.

I will share my flesh, my voice, my dreams,
mad and made of the desire for you
that draws me out of the darkness
just long enough to be your lover
as I hover above you, then ride your need
to have me bleed my life into you
as the spell of your urgent urges consumes.

I will drift into the light
but only for an instant.

I will kiss you with lips that taste of you.
I will touch you with hands that worship you
as the final tenuous thread binding me to life
as I enter you and center myself in your passion,
casting aside the guards and wards I've placed
about my existence as protections against
the very vulnerability you demand and command of me.

I will drift into the light
but only for an instant.

And the night will not end before I have fed
and you have bled and I have said all the things
that are true and purposeful between lovers
no matter what their spheres and fear and tears
and only God hears and knows what passes here.
But we have our memories, and you have some of me
left inside of you, as I have of you inside of me.

I drift into the light
but only for an instant.

into the grey

I can't imagine love
unless it is cast in the image of you.
Graven images of joy
and peace, telling me all that is true.
But you
have slipped into the grey.
And you
have nothing left to say.
And you
won't be coming back again.
And I
have forgotten what it was like when...
I can't imagine love.
I have lost my way, and all I can say
is that you are deity to me
after a long night, watching blackness melt away.
But you
have slipped into the grey.
And you
have nothing left to say.
And you
won't be coming back again.
And I
must live in violent silence 'til the end.

My Passion, My Cathedral

I would lay you down in a bed of soft satin, silks and rare pelts,
a worthy place to trace our passions for a night's mystery,
the history we make more vital than the promises we break,
words lost in a sound of breath and small death to transfigure.
We slip from the shadows to touch and taste and waste not wanting
that had been haunting us from the first inconvenient question
that we did not speak but shared in a furtive glance that dealt
all our cards to a table you alone could see, in front of me,
no barriers to harrier your complicated soul. A thirst to slake
in uncursed waters, blessed and pressed to and into you, pure
and sure as any christened sacrament in a cathedral, prayers taunting
us as words that swelled to let us meld into a shared possession.
For I take naught what I do not give in turn and full, to share,
to bear and bare all you would take into you, as much as you dare.

You are a Charity to this Sphere

The thorns you've worn and earned and well,
from liars, cheats and dogs of Hell
that lay (or sought) beside, inside, and fled
from promises made in a jading bed.
But all are not as bent as those
who made their choice and folly chose
to be their path, and earn your wrath
and prize their lies with evil laugh.
There are those who dare to hold
more than flesh, more than moments sold
for less than told, to cast adrift
this precious soul, this precious gift.
For you are a charity to this sphere,
of this I am certain, that you are most dear.

Fire Inside

soft flint to warm steel
the fire catches to kindling
left over emotions discarded
by those ignorant
of their more igneous qualities.
the flame flickers and nearly dies
but finds the puff of air
from lips that breathe earnest
and twists its way into lambent
pinks and yellows and solferinos
like a slow-motion explosion
demonstrating the beauty
of chaos theory.
the fire inside glows and grows
and burns the unworthy
with desire unrequited

The Pluck of Pan

I wonder, sometimes, why I feel such draw
to be closer to you. Closer with every throb
of my heart, pounding in my ears, staging a thaw
in those cold corners I swore never to rob
of their well-earned silence, experience
having been a hard teacher and love is sweet
and bitter and complicated, a gentle dance
with violent intentions as I know I will meet
great pain on the road. Not that I do not
think you not worth a hard knock or a hundred,
for I can smell your skin from here, sweet and hot
and waiting for my touch and kiss, remembered
in memories of a future that I may not find
in this lifetime. Your gentle heart, perfect
to the shape of the wounds that life confined
to me in its own mock, dreamt of in lust and respect.
Not the respect of a saint, for I have dreamt
of carrying you away and laying with you, with fire
and a savage affection that would preempt
any notion of a platonic thought, a feral desire
only made sense of inside you, feeling you surrender
to the pleasures of my hardened resolve, seeing you
as your eyes close in your own consummations, tender
and mad, your voice murmuring prayers made true
by your very presence in my heart, my arms, my bed
where I would curse the memory of every other woman
who has pretended to the heart on which you have fed
and found in me something worth the pluck of Pan,
giving over to the need to feed on a lover's breath,
his small death to bring you back to life as yours
awakens in him that which slept, having leapt
in foolish impatience, but now your touch cures.

I dared to dream of you

There are petals to be walked upon
as they lay beneath our feet
and puddles to be jumped in
just outside, in the street.
There are memories we have wasted,
tasted things we might regret,
but we know that each moment
builds our lives on all we've met.

I won't deny that you intrigue me,
for that would be a callow lie.
That I lie awake and think of you
I simply won't deny.
But I also treasure everything
that has made you what you are
even if you stay in heaven's arc
a distant, perfect star.

abdication

Forgive me my soft sins, a man may fail.
But in malice, I am innocent, grave
may be my demeanor, but passions pale
when measured against my purposed and brave
affections for you. Respect and passion,
immeasurable and of a treasure
unearthed only by your beauty, I've won
nothing in this life if not the pleasure
of your sweet presence in my day and night
until the end of all things. You are birth
and death, the breath of angels in their flight
as they consider a man's word and worth.
I have given mine, and am content I
will lay with you alone, until I die.

The Forge of Aphrodite

like well-earned sweat:
wet.
we set to settle for nothing short of radiance
in the heat of our mutually assured seduction.
penetrate my consciousness and impale me
on your soul, as deep as you can get.
feral,
wrap your legs and lock me in, in a skin we twin
and thin membranes cannot hold back what we are:
a sanctity of desire
fire burning away the
grey
until all that is left is white hot flesh and
pink,
solferino cravings, engravings on memory in sound and fury,
the jury of our own needs, bleeding the
taste
of jasmine.
I want to feel you,
heal you,
peel you and
conceal you
from all the pain but this:
that we are ephemeral
and all that passes in this heated moment will pass,
glass smooth water to hide the crest of crashing waves
that radiate from within you to
capture
my flesh and fluid.
druidic rituals of fertility and transition,
pagan
perfection
as you take possession of my
soul
and my erection,
laying your claim in a passionate frame and flame
that
licks
away the impurities
in the forge of Aphrodite.

Paramour and Nothing More

An essence spun of red honey and of nightshade.
Paramour, and nothing more, golden fleece and jade.
Dreams drawn like fevered blood by leeches from a soul.
A kiss denied and deified to play its role,
lovers lost, crossed to toss their lust to dust and coal.
An essence spun of red honey and of nightshade.
A touch, a glance, a spirit's dance, so unafraid
to leap from the shadows to merge and purge the shade,
dreams drawn like fevered blood by leeches from a soul.
Thoughts given tongue, tongue given flesh and all control
surrendered like an illusion of virtue, stole.
An essence spun of red honey and of nightshade.
Every player acts, every actor played
a hand or made us what we are, our penance paid,
dreams drawn like fevered blood by leeches from a soul.
I want nothing more than the paramour not fade
on waking, not of just illusion but the whole.
An essence spun of red honey and of nightshade.
Dreams drawn like fevered blood by leeches from a soul.

Addiction

I want you to suffer from my withdrawal.
feeling lost inside.
the throbbing glide denied
until you demand your next fix
with wicked smile and earnest guile
to lure me again, willingly,
to flood your veins with my alchemy.
my base metal turned to gold as you hold
me deep, hungry for the rush, the flush
that leaves a deep and satisfying aftertaste
in both our mouths, evidence
that it was more for you than another pill.
another drag.
another sip of the nectar of forbidden fruit
that made your muscles ache and, awake,
made you walk in the land of dreams,
allowing me to taste you, to waste you.
not on carnival sideshow rides
but the full, merged and surged encouraged
purging purpose for which, even now,
I dream of in wicked prick'd metaphor
of an injection of my crude fluid
inside you to elevate your thighs high
to a dance of fire and desire sated.
only for the moment.
I want to be your drug, your addiction.
the friction of our flesh meshing messages
to our ancient brains, caught between moments
of civilized conduct that reassure us
that this is more than mere white blood
and the maddening taste of jasmine tea.

I dreamt of you

I dreamt about you
before you were born.
so maybe prayers get answered
anyway.

you're here, at last,
and you say you're gonna stay.
if so, that's the best news
I've ever heard.

you're inconvenient
in so many ways.
that's why you suit me fine,
and perfectly.

you're unexpected
like the summer rain,
and just as necessary.
at least for me.

kiss in every colour

I can kiss in every colour.
I can thrust so deep you'll weep.
I can take you in the sunshine
or the darkness, while you sleep.

I have hungers you can't fathom
but that you, by nature, fill.
I can enter and off-center you
and test your skill and will.

I am not here for the hour.
I am not just for the ride.
I am here to sear you with my heat,
to declare theocricide.

I've no question of intention,
and I know my pace and course.
All that's left is your surrender,
and to guide me to your source.

I am here because you called me
and we both are past pretense,
we are elements of a chaos,
and this love makes perfect sense.

Let the time for patience wither.
Let the revelries begin.
let the dance of chance be taken
and the flowers bloom, within.

I am here to feast upon your pain
and you upon mine, true.
We are here to well-matched purposes,
we are the blessed few.

upon encountering wildflowers

I observe you in an filtered light,
bright it still shines,
but only in the hues
that you choose
to let your unique spectrum
penetrate.

Every photon. Every flash.
And even when the colours clash
there is a harmony like a field
of wildflowers on a distant hill,
breathing sky and light to thrive
even when there is the arrogance
of desolation nearby.

I would inhale your essence.
Eyes closed, to focus my senses
and allow my defenses to lay aside
the grey walls of cynicism and regret
that shuts out the world too often
that I might not soften my heart.

But there is something, je ne sais quoi,
that slides past the refracting flaw
that I left unsealed in case.
In case there was still a meadow
full of fireflowers and the grim, dancing petals
made of blossoms that laugh
even in the dark. And because of it.

Blossoms that are beautiful and pure,
in the frame of their intentions,
and that organize their chaos such
that my head swims at their attar.

As it does, as I compose these words
to, in my own, sad and shy way, express
something that falls back to words I forbid
myself to utter, that I might not release
myself from bondage to crack'd hearts
that never bloomed
even in the best tended gardens.

I would touch.
Yes, I would, although I would fear my death,
already drunk on every breath
of your petals. I would touch
with tender disbelief and grief
that I had not found evidence
of a truth I have preached
until now. Here, in these wildflowers
that grew without my will or efforts.

I would taste without doubt, without disgrace,
from face to tapered stems that I find
would bind me as they wind me
in their beauty, as great at every petal
parted to let me worship that a miracle
is possible, indeed. That a single flower
would hold such power is incomprehensible
to me.

Yet, how sensible is a field of wildflowers?
How perfect is their chaos and the random
scattering of their bed, fed by the order
of natural things, like a laugh. A tear.
A memory upon which is built the trellis
up the side of a tree that, to me,
I would have never thought to employ.

I will pass through the fire

I will pass through the fire
my flesh clinging to my bones
the smell of ozone and burnt hair
my lash-less eyes reopened
to see with an even greater clarity and charity
I will pass through the fire
for your love

I will pass through the fire
my hands torched and scorched
my feet bare and blistered
my silent tongue loosened
to speak of the moment when I broke with life
I will pass through the fire
for your love

I will pass through the fire
my coeur rage waging war with self-preservation
the hesitation I once felt, melting
my doubts, I have lived a good life
and if this is the final gate, I have no regrets
I will pass through the fire
for your love.

Hephaestus to Aphrodite

You are beautiful.
I, deformed.
A god, no doubt, but not one
that they burn fragrant oils
to gather the favour of.
I am unworthy of you,
unworthy of your love.
It burns within me, this passion,
and yet it burns before me
that for all bonds and bindings
you will never really love me.
Just the idea of me.
The lame god, in the forge of souls,
hammering shape to metals
I have drawn out of lifeless stone.

You are beautiful.
I, deformed.
Cyrano suffered thus, and ultimately
it cost him the woman he loved,
who would have loved him back,
I suspect (ask Apollo, he would know).
But he was man and she, woman,
we burn at a higher degree,
our passions set fire to the skies
and people run and scream and dream
that their hearts could survive such heat.
But they are not that sturdy.
You seek balance in my malformations.
You laugh and smile and feign passions
beyond the novelty of my hideous countenance.

You are beautiful.
I, deformed.
For all your beautiful words and soft touches,
I know what and who I am. I know the smell
of burning sulphur under my nails and know
that my kisses are that of a brute, a thing.
Not a god, which is what you deserve.
I am twisted and I know my place.
Those things which I craft, that is what is sought
by those who follow the twisting labyrinth
into the hot bowels of the Earth to find me.
Lovely ornaments of silver and alloys I alone
can make and master, for I am Hephaestus.
But that does not make me beautiful.
That does not make me worthy of a goddess.

All Things Turn Brown

all things turn brown. then black. then grey.
and in the winds, to blow away,
leaving not trace but memory
for us to mark our history.

the tread is soft in steps we leave.
we laugh. we love. we dare. we grieve.
the clock can not condemn our track
if we choose not to e'er turn back.

all things turn brown. then black. then grey.
and in the winds, to blow away,
leaving not trace but memory
for us to mark our history.

We Owe Debt to Memory

A lonely tale is bound to wind
around a spindled point,
to make of us a metaphor,
twin avatars, to anoint.

And there are those who will relate
our falls and victories,
and sell our shells in necklaces
declared to cure disease.

For we owe debt to memory.
And those who bear the ark.
The acolytes of ancient nights
we melted in the dark.

We can not burn at this degree
and not outshine, at least,
the dimmer stars, if not the moon,
and sundry suns, released.

If you dare not to be a mold
for dreams of those unborn,
then tip your hat and hand and flee
this pilgrim, bent and worn.

For we owe debt to memory.
And those who bear the ark.
The acolytes of ancient nights
we melted in the dark.

Aubergine, my passion

deeper than solferino,
flushed with the rushed, deep royal
taint of my fiery desires,
aubergine is my lust.
dark and tumescent.
omnipresent
as you are in my thoughts
and most mortal of dreams.

Touch Not The Walls

touch not the walls that I have set
to keep you out, to my regret.
I need them there to keep me sane
against the knowledge of the pain.

touch not the walls that I have built
of shadowed rage and patient guilt.
I've sculpted them of faded day
that I might keep the past in play.

touch not the walls that I endure
for actions rash and thoughts impure.
my prison shell, my private hell,
the place, this face, wherein I dwell.

Long-haired Star

from a chromatic coma, the tail tells the tale as talisman
of the mentation mentioned in well-intentioned tensions.
tentative and talkative, we talk the walking of wailing walls.
wallah of the boudoir, bouleversement of the vestal vows.

and the sky is iridescence with the scent of photons found
drifting in parallel to the precipice of thought, caught not
in the slipstream lip dreams of kissing candidates for kinship,
the wending wetness of a tender touch, parried into paradise.

priceless princesses prize the predation, the prey and the prayer
of silent seductions, wordless witness to wonder wandering
like the hands of a handsome stranger stringing the wet frets
of a well-tensioned instrument of tenderness, intended less.

listening to the glistening. hear it echo in the silence.
violence in the sphere of Aphrodite, mystery in the hands of Hercules,
and the minstrels of Midgaard are made mute for a moment,
allowing the stones to sing the song of longing and belonging.

from a chromatic coma, the tail tells the tale as talisman
of the mentation mentioned in well-intentioned tensions.
tentative and talkative, we talk the walking of wailing walls.
wallah of the boudoir, bouleversement of the vestal vows.

Goblins in My Attic

In the depths of my depression
I find my self-expression
increases geometrically, to help me on my way.

This creation is not static
as the goblins in my attic
break down the walls to find the light of day.

Words Upon the Death of a Friend

the clock runs its course. and we, bound by its
relentless pursuit of precision to measure all things but God,
have no choice but to follow. it is simple to resent less
perfect measures of a man. simpler still in paths we have trod
to seek to match the clock's impartiality in judging friend
and foe alike. but not simpler to succeed. for we are mortal.
blessed and cursed alike in our concerns and emotions, bend
us just a little in the wind and judgement fails, in total.

and, as the clock runs, so must we. ever mindful of the pain
of being creatures ephemeral. begging. fighting. bargaining
for that extra second. minute. hour. day or year in vain,
as life is not the reason that we live. we are gaining
little in ourselves save the chance to serve if we continue
in this test of our mettle we call survival. God declines
to judge longevity a sign of the worthy heart. this venue
is rated by performance within our roles, not number of lines.

my friend is, to my senses, no more. within my
memory and, I pray, God's care...he yet endures.
a good person. one who sought life and love and peace
and hope and joy with a vigor I cannot match.
a catalyst, he changed one and, as easily,
many, by his spirit and heart. I know
no purer epitaph than this, that I never knew the need
or desire to deny he was my friend. the clock's blow
has at last felled the tree but left in all of us its seed.

his test is finished. done is the measuring, by law of time,
against the cares of the flesh. we cry, not in empathy
(for his pain is ended), but in loneliness at our loss.
crime it is, but only in the eyes of the witnesses.
I am angry. and sad. and resigned and glad to see,
in the end, his victory in this most essential race.
my friend, take the rest you have earned
and know we shall cherish all you have left us.
may the dreams you brought us never perish.

Vodka and Condoms

bring vodka and condoms
she said
I heard
her say it in a sotto voce whisper
rough with fear and hunger
like a cat in heat in a cage
wanting something
she couldn't ask for in
simpler terms
because the words had sharp edges
nothing more than someone
to tell her what is expected of her
between the courses of life
when she wants to be wanted
as we all do
under the influence
of vodka and condoms

Soubrette

my heart blossoms and the petals are fragrant
like the wrists of a mistress,
stained and ordained with a perfume prepared
to meet the expectations of a lover.

my heart blossoms and the colours explode
in the spectrum of ancient light
caught at the far end of the universe, perceived new
but from the beginning, what always was.

my heart blossoms and all the thorns melt
and run into nothingness, for pain is not regent
in a world where there are the petals and fragrance
of your lips, ripe with emotion and hope.

Chromatic Metaphors

your skirt swirls in chromatic metaphors,
floors tilt and the flowers dare not wilt
in this atmosphere of fearless peers.
tears shed are dead and fall like barriers
to the Juggernaut of a karma cut from dreams.

I am destiny and memory.
and you are passion and delight.
the cost of hope, a prayerful salary
to the gods and goddesses of the night.

was that me who laughed, or was it you?
first, I mean, for we both fell to the moment,
motioned into the current of the challenge
of the deep balance of epitaphs unwound,
soundless as the eyes of angels, closed.

you are music and confection,
an allegoried perfection I dreamt of,
once, but never dared remember until now.
the sacred cow of a religion of romanticism.

the lights are casting shadows, somewhere,
but not here, not now, for nothing is hidden
and we are bidden to pass through the arch,
triumphant and tender, defenders of our hearts,
surrendered in the hypergolic heat of discovery

An Illusion of Grey

there is an illusion of grey on eyes
that lost their way in the mists of love.
romantic hazes obscuring the colours
kissed by the morning and the night.

I see you in nectarine golds and reds
ripe as any blossom in a garden alive
with the passions you stir with a smile.

I dare not close my eyes for fear that
you will dance away with the will-o-wisp
memories of lovers unworthy and forgotten.

I will not lose my way, for you are incandescent,
and your light shows my path in perfect cut,
stone after stone after blessed stone to tread upon.

I perceive your beauty in spectra sudden
and sustained by words and a touch that blinds
me to all but you and all you would have me see.

I have sold my illusions and purchased eyes
with my passion, my obedience and my tenderness,
offerings to a goddess worthy of my worship.

there is an illusion of grey on eyes
that lost their way in the mists of love.
romantic hazes obscuring the colours
kissed by the morning and the night.

Pretty pretty soul

best be wary, faerie,
lest you find the flavour of my magicks
to your liking
striking sparks from stones
you cannot atone for with a string of beads

bleeding silence into darkness into memory
blessing the formless
heating the warm flesh that before
before
had only known a pale shade of red

the magick stirs and purrs and ferments
inside this vessel
until it seeps out creeps out
leaps out
to swallow whole your pretty pretty soul

city of angels

lost soul.
a city of lights of stimulated
noble gases. it passes
for a faux firmament.
I haven't seen an angel
here.
and probably,
never will.

but I have seen
poor, proud people,
their flannel workshirts
needing repair and a wash,
shuffling through the
immigrant neighborhoods.
the pretty girl, pretty no more,
selling her star power
in condom come-ons
on the street corner.
and I have seen a peaceful
ocean, kissing the sands
of time, worn like
strands of beige pearls
on the neck of a lady too
proud to admit the paste
will wash away in the rain.

love is bought here. sold
in carrying cases with
rouge and eyeliner. t-shirts
filled with silicone brush
the vanity from the wind
as rollerblades run down
bag ladies who never
gave that producer the
blowjob he asked for.

war zone. everyone
sells something. fortunately,
I am wise enough, and studied
well enough in the wars of the
sphere of Venus, I know I have
nothing of any real value.
which makes me the richest man
in the city of angels. until
I give out, give up, give in
to the inevitable.

Walsingham in Padua

I have given my word.
Strange word, word.
It carries itself and more, boring eyes in the back of the skull
when you are full of your own definitions of honor.

It is said there is no use
in worrying about the water
when you are dying of thirst and you find it, bubbling up pure,
cold and with the slight air of the center of the Earth.

I have lingered enough,
bare feet calloused by pain,
denying myself and my desires. The fires a test of the metal
that is at its best zested by a kiss extended into madness.

I have broken with the past,
giving up more than you know,
accepting a new commission, a new purpose, head bowed
in humility that belies my arrogance and my skills.

You asked for me by name.
I am called back into service
of a distant liege who may keep me in foreign lands for a time
before acknowledging me at court, welcoming me home.

But I am grateful and ready.
I have counted the petals of the lotus.
I have tested the metal of my blade and my pen, obeying
the rituals that may seem arcane to you, but define me.

I will serve you until I fall.
I will not swerve or lose nerve
even if left, like Walsingham in Padua, to await the time
when all is to be revealed, I will stay true to my vows.

Cartouche

cartouche.
my fingers melt the surface of the stone.
I, alone, know the meaning
of the symbols I leave.
names unpronounceable.
truths unpronounceable.
enigma for the stoic sleuths
that will ponder the meaning
of words without words.
sounds without sounds.
dreams without end.
cut into the living stone
to bear witness
to a time when Gods walked this earth.
and spoke only to be heard.

thirty-two feet per second per second

splintered glass, pass the plate and hate the widow for her two cents' worth.
earth birthing bright premonition of the precognizant memory made mock
in the hands of the clock stalking us with the talking blues of hues of red, bled
from leprous thoughts caught on taut trotlines, hooks digging in to secure
the pure insecurity of our assurances and reassurances that stances dance
in the light of a night, white with wonder and thunder and under it all
a call to hope. hopping on one foot, then another, mother to madness and dreams
left to steam until cool enough to touch in such a manner meant to vent
our vexed and sexed pretext, wrapped in a tapestry of tepid transparencies
to justify our jousting juices, jet to whet then wet then set us on the path
of least persistence. insisting on assisting us with the rationale of love.
and I would gladly pay twice the price of Odin for the wisdom to know the truth.

sacred smile

your smile is sacred to me.
would that a chalice of communion wine
hold half the redemptive power of your kiss,
for faith is a turbulent dream in this age,
this age in which your grace in saving me
from the false religions of self-cut idols
of balsa and tin and cheap velour.
pure runs the water tested by fires
caught and contained and feeding, seeding
the clouds with the essence of life.
for you are the fire and the rain
and the sun and the clouds and the sky.
and your smile is sacred to me.

joining the machine

fingers locking into the grooves
between the teeth
of the great god gear

joining the machine

finding point and purpose to stalk Sisyphus
before we are lost in the imponderable

joining the machine

the great god gear turns
and we are pulled
as our slack runs out

joining the machine

pulled in pulled on pulled apart
our hearts start and stop and start

joining the machine

bracing our last traces of face
we ride with pride into silence
the violence of sentience surrendered

joining the machine

to serve as little more than lubricant
to a future generation

joining the machine

because we didn't dare we didn't care
to shout a warning over the thrum
of torn flesh and grinding bone

joining the machine

Bragi, awakening in his tomb

cracked and battered escarpments of my heart,
running crimson and gold with blood and amber
from my faulted, vaulted passions. rodents clamber
up the thorny roses grown on that decay. part
predator. part prey. part symbiote and parasite.
grandiose and pathetic. the warm wine runs away,
spilled by careless hands and hearts, every day.
I pluck cithara strings to wake the flower of night.
I play for you the melodies.
I pray for you the memories.
I cry for you the threnodies.
and barter still the remedies.
cold and wasted thoughts I would know no more,
a monument to lovers' kiss and merg'd minds.
as Odysseus bore the stick that finally blinds
the sleeping giant. barren bones and paramour.
epic tales of love and lies and truths unflown.
love: an addiction and a venom I use and sell.
thumbscrewed to the walls in my dungeon cell.
murmuring mad words and dreams outgrown.

Bohemia

the wind is warm. formless and granular. the sand whips
the masts of the ships that never sailed, failed voyages
dry docked and stillborn, worn like a mason's hands.
the road is unmarked, lightly traveled, a pilgrim's afterthought.

the old man, blind in one eye, shades his brow and whispers
a solemn greeting, resplendent with time and tragedies.
"welcome to Bohemia", he rasps, dry lips spitting each word
like watermelon seeds at a long forgotten 4th of July party.

he rises. joints stiff and sore from the scores of times
he has risen out of common decency, even for those unworthy.
dignity and respect, reflected in a genuflecting smile,
warmer than the armor of the amourist, or something like it.

he motions you to sit and offers a scone or some warm tea.
"I remember what is important", he says, the mind still in motion.
the chairs are wooden, plain and solid, the paint scratched
and the table patched more than once out of necessities.

the wind continues to sing. And then he speaks, rapidly,
words unheard anywhere in the universe anytime before.
the poet's tongue dances through trances and transitions,
memories and good intentions, untended and befriended.

the wind fades, the sun sets, and the voice holds court,
sport of the mind, grinding the fist sized rubies to dust.
then blowing them away with a puff of breath, mocking death
and the stuff of riddles and religions, pigeons sacrificed.

the final syllables are what you came for, the final stanza.
you strain to catch your name in the arcane utterances.
it is in there, you are certain, the curtain cannot fall
without your acknowledgment in the dance of the decades.

you raise your eyes to thank him for his courtesy, despite
all the unrelieved grief and find him gone, leaving behind
only skin and bone and the riddle of manuscripts memorized
and now gone on a wind that resumes its mocking wail, outside.

Courtesan

Haughty, naughty courtesan. Mistress to power.
Your beauty binds and twists in the hearts and the loins
of those for whom you would be out of reach, flower
in a garden where every trespass is marked coin
to an anguished death. Your very fragrance, desire,
flames licking the taut ropes that bind the heretic
who finds you an icon, martyrdom to the fire
a small price to pay for but a breath all too quick
and then to the price of surrender to your charm:
To flee and be forever haunted, your beauty
a scar burnt into my soul. I mean you no harm
and only will linger as it pleases you, we
are not so dislike, you and I, the trouveur
and courtesan, trading our arts for who we are.

the fifth song of the amomancer

"non gaudet super iniquitatem congaudet autem veritati"
truth speaks with a tongue that touches sky to horizon,
the sound, atomic, making sense of the silence.

where the ashes have scattered, let the winds have their way.
where the sweat has fallen, let it dry in the sun.
where kisses have lost their savour, let us not favour them with illusion.

love is not a word. not a word mortals coined for mortal concept,
but an abstract refraction of the truth that transcends us all.
an end to complexity. the simplicity of an honest theology.

there are answers to the questions that we fear.
there are dancers in the darkness that draw near.
there are words that will comfort all who hear.

but we are creatures of hard-wired synaptical repetition,
musicians of a handful of stones and sticks, beating time
until the clockwork genes expire like an amnesty for the guilty.

I see no less unobscured than yesterday, but with a willingness
to accept what I see as a part of my heart and marrow,
the taste of bitter kiss on irrelevant saints' feet, sweet only to the faithful.

"non gaudet super iniquitatem congaudet autem veritati"
one miracle per supplicant, the one-eyed genii masks his blindness
by rapid whirlwind turns in the billowing smoke of his grand entrance.

here we are. there we were. and where we shall be when tomorrow
becomes yesterday's mythology I have no notion not yet defiled,
beguiled by a desire to make more of something than the nothing of sand.

yet even in the furnace the sand turns to glass, to be shaped
by the craftsman and artisan into things of great beauty or utility,
but only by the consent of the molten mass, ready from the heat to find purpose.

I pull my hand from the fire, wet with the forge's flow,
I pull my hand from the fire, knowing now what I know,
I pull my hand from the fire and harden it in the blacksmith's snow.

tempered heart to match the flesh, to bind the mesh
of suet left for the pecking birds and foraging beasts.
a sacrifice for a price a fraction of not learning the lessons in time.

I am well, and the temple folds upon itself, magic and prophecy,
tools for drawing the crowd, not curing the lame and sick and blind,
that is the work of prophets and wanderers and legends of old on newer paths.

"non gaudet super iniquitatem congaudet autem veritati"
and I know what I know, and I feel what I feel, at honest peace.
released to the dandelion winds of a coming spring.

the Nereid, Thetis

She rose from the water to taunt me, to haunt me.
More beautiful than I had remembered.
The prickly, sickly smell of the low tide
pricked my pride and I was castaway
and back
to stack all my memories like coins
wagered in a strange game of time lost.

The cost incalculable.

So here I am, again, the green felt sand
like a belt around the girth of waters
where play the daughters of man
brushing the crushing waves
that echo into themselves
words whispered in times forgotten.
But I hear when I draw near as I dare.

I am home. I am home.

The bright horizon draws down the curtain
to invite the stars to dance
and stare at me, my hair caught
in a hot, final gout of ions
torn from the desert to follow the sun.
As I did, until it hid from me, behind the sea
to sneak up on me later, from behind.

The well-traveled breeze.

The bark of waves on sand. The hand of God
in every inarticulate clearing of the throat
of the Charybdis. This is where we begin and end,
friend and assassin. Lover and liar, synonymous
in the strange true tongue of prophets
who could only marvel at what I already know:
I will lay awake tonight and listen
to my lover call my name.

Over and over and over and over.

final Sunday

I am cast out.
orphaned.
left for dead by the side of a wide road
so that others can swerve
to miss my fading form.
nothing warm
comes from this.
another legacy of ashes
left on my tongue
the taste of dung
and vinegar
from an apple orchard
I had once considered
a sanctuary.

the colding feat.
I am incomplete
and competing for sustenance
is not in my nature.
I will drag myself
into the dark
that I may not offend
those for whom
pain
is too intimate.
and I will find
myself. unbroken
once I fit
all the pieces.

drinking stagnation.
the hunger unabated.
but I will bind my wounds.
plant fists to earth and roar.
sore in a thousand places.
it is good you do not
have to see me like this,
the tattered, battered man,
the orphan of Aphrodite.
but I will not change
my coat of arms.
I will still be a priest to your divinity.
and I will love you
every time I feel my hollow soul.

soft as dawn

and you came upon me.
soft as dawn,
bringing light into the corners
of a long and lonely night.
and you came upon me.
soft as dawn,
limbs warm and eager as was I
for a touch that means truth.
and you came upon me.
soft as dawn,
as open as I was, honest and sweet,
the heat more than friction and fiction.
and you came upon me.
soft as dawn.
and I was grateful for the glow
that saved my soul from despair.
and you came upon me.
soft as dawn.
and I worshipped you as a goddess of the morning.

Evangelist

"And now these three remain: faith, hope and love.
and the greatest of these is love." - I Corinthians 13:13

and the greatest of these is love?
and the greatest of these is love?
and the greatest of these is the lover.
hover while you cover your ass, pass judgement
in ignorance on preferences present and passed,
blasting bit by bit the fit feast released then ceased
because fear abounds.
because fear confounds
and with sounds that have downed
even a messiah or two along the way
it will play with your purpose.
is not the essence of life the presence of love?
is not the essence of life the presence of love?
is not the greatest of all things love?
and if so, is the lover not the trump card
in the deck we deal from and are cut into?
we shatter shit to split splinters
that we may hinder not this winter of our contentiousness.
raise your eyes to skies and peel the lies
like a scab from your soul, you control.
you control everything you are willing to love.
and the greatest of these is love.
and the greatest of these is love.
the greatest disease is the love of lesser dreams
than love and all the excuses we accuse others of foisting
as they let us hoist ourselves on our own regard.
pardoned for our passivity, we strike the hot bars
of a cage we begged for and then recoiled from
as we realized we might actually have found
something profound in the emptiness we feel
when we reveal the seal is broken and we have spoken
the truth this once, that love is the divine wine we desire and aspire to.

Chrysalis

I will stand at
the foot of the tree
where hangs
your sheath of silk and leaves,
waiting for your emergence.

keeping at bay
the predators
and the rain
that may impede
your transcendence
to a new state.

I will hold you in cold nights
to keep you warm, and
shield you from the sun
when it is too harsh.
and, through it all,
I will nurture you
until you are ready.

ready to cast aside
your sheltering shell
and swell your iridescent
blue wings in the warming wind.

and emerge, if not perfect,
at least as breathtaking
to those who need a miracle
to find God would require
to understand
the shadow of perfection.

I will provide the wind,
the warmth to heal you
as you shed old skin
and paint your new form
with signs of your beauty.

and, I will be proud of you,
even if you fly away without
a look back.
even without a final night
before first flight.
even without a single kiss.
although I would wish for more,
these are your wings
to carry you where you
feel most at home.

love gods of a forgotten religion

Apollo pales and sails across a sky of colours intricate,
slate grey and a blue like the eyes of Aphrodite,
impregnating memory with a starting point for blending,
bending the spectrum into greens of life and the violets of passion.

And in those times we are the love gods of a forgotten religion,
mythic mysteries that stir the slip of idols to be cast for a past
we abruptly dropped, like a half-perfected statue of a cat goddess,
modesty growing moss on stones that slide deep into the silence.

They are recalled, they and their kin, for they left their stones,
their temples, their tales of heroes and heroics. Permanent subtext
for the muscles of imagination flexed in a show of strength,
the length of thought caught not of the brambles of distraction.

With incantata'd prayers we are the love gods of a forgotten religion,
chants and cants and my how we prance without pants in the trance
of our blood chemistry going to alchemy in the laboratory of evolution,
our hormonocentric heresies forsworn for the priests of a fed hunger.

We shall not leave such Olympian statuary, nary clue will endure
that with motives pure and thoughts unsure we cured Gordius
of the intricacies of logical whim, the sword of Alexander
ample answer to the recent regent riddles of barren paramours.

For on these shores we are the love god of a forgotten religion,
knowing that, in the eyes of the romantique, a pigeon is a dove,
pure and perfect sacrifice for the price of kisses bartered for blessings
spread in an holy oil of the skin, shared in an heated suspension.

Freya passes and serenades of Bragi are unrecorded, paper faded
and temperaments jaded in the ironic skepticism of youth and truth
obscured by desire, fire to a pyre of inconvenient hopes that rope us
in a bound harness of caresses cauterizing our bleeding, needy hearts.

We. Are. We are. We are. We are love gods of a forgotten religion.
the idols are left as curiosity for tourists yet unborn, shorn of tableau
like a Nazarite's hair, heir to the wonderment of children and lovers,
innocents seeking answers that they alone can understand and cherish.

Sigyn for my sins

there is no Sigyn for my sins.
none to catch the venom
that I have brought on myself,
the Earth, itself, shaking,
nonetheless,
from the agony of punishment.

there is no Sigyn for my sins.
no free will to defy the gods
out of pity and out of love.
better still, in love,
but the illusions persist.
like Gilda, I do not survive the night.

there is no Sigyn for my sins.
I have borrowed the chains
of Promethean glory, but am judged
unworthy to bring the fire.
for my sins I am outcast and exile.
the inexorable venom, my legacy.

Padparadscha

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

the path broadens, then narrows.
stone to clay to dust to grass to stone again.
when the sun is at the right angle
I can see the long neglected spires.

home.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

when the wind blows, it is from the South.
when the rain falls, it is down from the skies.
when the sun rises, I can see the edge
of a world I have never comprehended.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

vacant streets save for the occasional ghost
of seasons and reasons long past and cast aside.
a bride of dust. the pride of trust, forgotten.
I am home now, and there is much to be done.

home.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

the trivialities of other, lesser cities.
pale purgatories to one who has lived
where the gemstones pierce the night
and shed their light on the dreams of lovers.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

find your way to me, when you can and will.
I will clear out the upper levels of the palace
and lay new stone by my hands, black marble
for the bare feet of acolytes who have fled.

home.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

I hide in the open, so only the blind miss me.
the tumbling weeds and hungry hornets pass by
and acknowledge me not, for I am not relevant
in the green waves of prairie grass they inhabit.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

my voice echoes in the violent silence until...
until the echoes find synergy and it sounds
like a multitude, a host of fair heirs, chanting.
and all my words are of you. all my words are true.

home.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

the dust slides on the smooth stone in the wind
as the moon illuminates without heat
and I shiver like a frightened child, alone
to face the morning with renewed vigor.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

trouveur. priest. worshipping one of seven.
penetration without flesh or even sound.
the riddle of scrimshaw on jigsaw people.
the towers shift in spectrum, but retain strength.

home.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

two hundred and twenty-three stairs, gently curving,
and I am undeserving to ascend them, empty handed
but for yet another sack of words, awaiting worms
to feed upon me as I lay, sightless, forgotten.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

the lotus blossom minarets whistle in the wind
and I watch the dance of the stars, forgetting years
and vows I had made, without malice or regret
for I am caught up in the universe and the sky.

home.

you alone will know where to find me
you alone I will not refuse

my padparadscha prison was smoothed by hand and sand
and now stands, neglected. too long. too long.
and I am not an agent of rebirth, my muscles
will be dust and rust before you find your way here.

home.

Flourish

the wet slap of membranes catching wind as I fall.
all memory cut and cobbled together like leather
kissed by the craftsman's practice. he exacts his
price after the cuir bouilli is shaped, draped over
the stone form made warm by the hot oils' cascade.
tints of red and chases of gold,
rolled together to calculate
the arc of the archangels
in the taking of the blade into a heart
that never dies.

blood richer than a foundry's furnace in fire and iron.
tattoo'd batwings spread to the elegant edge of emotion
held hostage in a heart of gold, older than the first song.
newer than the dreams of a child's first moment of sentience,
escaping to run barefoot through a spring's wet grass,
sliding and falling but never calling for a quarter less
than Tarleton's.
new suns everyday to chase the chill
and the will of the epic picadors
to drive rough needles
filled with the venom of life into the heart of a winged bull,
fully ignorant of the tragic error of their logic.

for angels and dragons,
wings feathery or leathery,
open with a purpose to rise above
the love of self and find
resurrection
before the cheering crowd grows silent
so that he can hear the charging hooves.
coming down like thunder from Valhalla.
an instant too late to dodge fate.
but he falls with a flourish.

Phoenix and Golem

phoenix and golem.
handmade, manmade, fire and clay.
the blaze of, the haze of, self-immolation.
an act of self-preservation.
brass feathers quickened in the flesh
of clay and phosphorous.
a porous purpose to usurp us
when we finally get traction
on the scrith of life.
awake, my creation.
awake and open wide the iron jowls
to howls of Eden and Armageddon.
awake. pass through the sands
like water on the beach,
reaching for the leeching pull
of buried rivers of thought not
yet assembled in coherence.
but ready for the kiln to fire
at temperatures where clay melts
and mythologies turn to ash.
awake to seize the fates
in clawed hands, iron bands
that will cling against the sting
of all the scorpions of resistance,
persistence being a virtue of the damned.

Epitaph

don't follow me beyond the hills.
this path is mine, alone.
and I shall wander on these trails
when life and time are gone.

in my words, recall my presence.
each tear. each stolen kiss.
and magnify your inheritance
whenever you do this.

don't follow me beyond the hills.
this path is mine, alone.
and I shall wander on these trails
when life and time are gone.

Hetaeron

I am known by many names.
Some names. Some sobriquets.
Some epithets of those unaware
of the many moving parts
in the truths they think they know.

In the West I am Hetaeron.
In the East the Amomancer,
the priest of passion. To myself
I answer to no name, for to do so
would bind me to the spirit of it.

In the North I bring the fires,
in the South I quench desires.
In lands far and uncertain,
I am called by whatever badge
that I will find on lovers' lips.

For the moment, I am content
to warm myself here, out of the darkness,
and wait for the songs to return,
burning my feet to walk again on paths
I had not realized until I heard the voice.

About the Author

William F. DeVault has, in his creative run (so far) amassed tens of thousands of poems (and those are just the ones that passed first reading). He has published over 20 books, received his unfair share of sobriquets, and performed his poetry all over the continental United States, with admitted intentions of going international by 2019. He has read in churches, bars, parks, schools, libraries, and brothels.

Married twice, divorced twice, but still the romantic optimist, he has fathered three children in whom he is well pleased, and mentored dozens of poets. He founded and lead the Romantic and Erotic Poetry Group for America Online, and that service's Passionate Craft poetry workshop.

He was named the **Romantic Poet of the Internet** by Yahoo in 1996 and the **US National Beat Poet Laureate** by the National Beat Poetry Foundation for 2017-2018.

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The bestselling poet returns with a collection of over 200 of his most remarkable works, hand selected for new and experienced readers alike from his massive catalog of works written over the last several decades. From the aching romance of *The Goldenheart Cycles* to the whimsical energy of *Tit for Tat* and the ironic spirituality of *Aureate*, this is his statement, his resume, his expression of who and what he is.

"Calling William F. DeVault a poet would be a statement of redundancy. His name is equated with poetry both within the poetry community and elsewhere. To say he is prolific would also unnecessary. He can write the quills off a porcupine. But don't let his vast library of poetry fool you. Each poem is carefully crafted to create the most powerful of images. William is known as a romantic poet and he belongs with those greats of romantic poetry like Blake, Shelley, Keats and Byron. Welcome to the world of William F. DeVault, feast upon his words and enjoy the succulence of every syllable."

- Larry Jaffe, Poet of the People

"Here is poetry that has been honed from countless feature readings spread across the country . The National Beat Poet Laureate clearly earned the honors with both exquisite artistry and dedication to literature . I get handed free poetry books all the time , but this one I bought , I urge you to do the same . In the pages are tears and triumphs , setbacks and progress , underlying the whole composition is truth and the full spectrum of emotions , bottom line this is one damn fine book."

- Colin Haskins, Co-Founder of National Beat Poetry Foundation, Inc.

"Reading William F. DeVault's poetry imparts a classical education upon the tongue. Any lingering mystery of meaning is to be savored for later."

- Daniel McTaggart, West Virginia Beat Poet Laureate

"William F. DeVault shows a passion in his poetry and writing that will take you on a journey to experience feelings you were unaware you had. We first met William also known as The Romantic Poet of the Internet, in 2015, and he has been an integral part of our Beat Poetry family ever since. There was no doubt we had made the right choice when we named him the US National Beat Poet Laureate (2017-2018)."

- Debbie Tosun Kilday, Co-Founder of National Beat Poetry Foundation, Inc.

